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CHRONICLE.

The Queen, &c. **H**ER MAJESTY left Windsor on Tuesday and Sheerness on Wednesday for Florence, just too late to learn the fate of the startling extension of prerogative conferred on her by Mr. LABOUCHERE. The Duke of YORK held his first levée, in her place and his father's, on Tuesday. It was announced that Lord CORK had been appointed Master of the Horse, and Lord CHESTERFIELD Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

In Parliament. On Monday, to both Houses assembled in the apartments of the Upper, the QUEEN'S Speech was read by the LORD CHANCELLOR. It simply recapitulated the old bead-roll of measures ("the New-castle programme as per previous," Lord SALISBURY put it later), added an Evicted Tenants' Bill, left out Home Rule, and made curiously patchy reference to foreign affairs. The Address was moved by Lord SWANSEA (who pleaded for Welsh Disestablishment as a personal favour to his own strong affection for the Church) and Lord HAWKESBURY (who, both on National Defence and other matters, was anything but Gladstonian). They were followed by Lord SALISBURY, who, in addition to the amendment above quoted, commented on the omission of Siam and other matters, quizzed the domestic programme, and glanced good-humouredly at Lord ROSEBERY's recent denunciation of the House of Lords. It may suffice to add that Lord SALISBURY, in common with all the other chief speakers of the day, at the Foreign Office and in both Houses, "buried" "CÆSAR" by making neat and appropriate remarks on Mr. GLADSTONE. Nor ever, perhaps, would a Palace of Truth have come in more usefully. Then Lord ROSEBERY replied spiritedly enough for the most part, but with the astonishing admission that "England" "must be convinced of the justice of Home Rule before it is conceded." Then England is not convinced? and the House of Lords, for giving effect to its non-conviction, is to be abolished?

Commons. In the Lower House Mr. WARNER and

Mr. FENWICK ("FENWICK the just, "in clothes of common day") sponsored the Address, the latter regretting that "Labour" did not appear. Mr. BALFOUR observed in his general criticism something like the same lines as Lord SALISBURY's, but adjusted it to different ends in particular; dwelling most strongly on the waste of

time and energy involved in discussing impossibly large programmes with a dissolution impending all the time. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in like manner said ditto to Lord ROSEBERY, but without Lord ROSEBERY's damaging admission, and declared that the impossible programme should be repeated year by year if necessary. A great deal of talking on all manner of subjects followed, the evening ending by a discussion on the new scheme of balloting for private members' Bills, which upset some log-rolling business of the Irish. This, the SPEAKER being absent from indisposition, was postponed.

Tuesday was a very much livelier day in the House of Commons (the House of Lords only sat for a few minutes to read some Bills a first time) than Monday. After some conversation on the new balloting rules, wherein Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT showed how much he was under the Irish thumb, the debate on the Address was resumed by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who naturally directed it at once to Lord ROSEBERY's famous admission the day before as to the "Conversion of England." Mr. JOHN MORLEY in vain tried to explain this away, and not only a vigorous speech from Mr. REDMOND, but some other utterances, showed the Irish discontent; while Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, taking up the cue, enforced the state of the case energetically. This, however, was nothing to what was to come when Mr. LABOUCHERE rose to move his farcical amendment entreating the Crown to "put an end to the power possessed by non-elected persons to prevent Bills from being submitted to HER MAJESTY." Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT deprecated this very strongly; but Mr. LABOUCHERE persisted, and in consequence, it would seem, of the inexperience or slackness of the new Government Whip, Mr. ELLIS, carried his amendment by 147 to 145 against Ministers. The Irishmen voted solid for him, as they subsequently did for a less successful amendment asking for the release of the Irish prisoners. Mr. BALFOUR more than once endeavoured to ascertain from the Government what they intended to do in consequence of their defeat by Mr. LABOUCHERE, and, though Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would say nothing, the debate, which had been meant to close that night, was adjourned.

Not very often has a Wednesday sitting opened with such interest as was felt in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's announcement of the Government intentions after Mr.

LABOUCHERE's amendment. It appeared that Ministers, recognizing the impossibility of presenting it to the QUEEN, and deprived by the abolition of the Report stage of the Address of any chance of simply reversing the "snatch" vote, had resolved on a plan which was, perhaps, the only one, but which was sufficiently ludicrous. The debate was to be allowed its course, but, when it was concluded, the Address was to be negatived *en bloc* and a fresh one substituted. Sir WILLIAM made his announcement in a tone of extreme solemnity, endeavouring to cover the absurdity by reiterating in other words the threats against the House of Lords, of which he was going to propose the formal rescission, and making the astonishing charge against Mr. BALFOUR of having "claimed for the Lords 'control over the Commons.'" Mr. BALFOUR, in a speech on the whole rather merciful, but which still must have been hot sealing-wax to the Ministerial wounds, had no difficulty in showing that neither he nor any Tory had ever claimed anything of the kind. As a matter of fact, neither ought the House of Lords to control the House of Commons, nor the Commons the Lords. Both are absolutely co-equal in power, and when they differ the country decides by a General Election on the particular point. That is, the Constitution of England which Gladstonians are trying to destroy, and which Unionists mean to defend. Mr. BALFOUR further expressed his complete acquiescence in any scheme of extrication from the mess that the Government might prefer, and was generally good and kind to them. Mr. LABOUCHERE followed, unrepentant, but, like a wise man, "satiated with his victory." And after the debate had finished, the spectacle was seen of the Leader of the House and Mr. JOHN MORLEY solemnly taking the place of poor Mr. WARNER and poor Mr. FENWICK to move and second a fresh Address. Colonel SAUNDERSON drew shouts of laughter from everybody in the House but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself by suggesting that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should go and get his uniform on. (In describing this incident, by the way, the principal Edinburgh Gladstonian newspaper says, "The whole 'House roared with laughter,' while the principal Dublin Gladstonian newspaper says 'No one condescended to laugh.'") But the Colonel might have been content with the livery in which Sir WILLIAM and Mr. JOHN actually appeared, a livery of sackcloth-and-ashes, white sheets, *San Benitos*, and other well-known things most artistically combined. Nobody congratulated these poor old *débutants* on their performance in the orthodox way; nobody debated, supported, or opposed the Address itself. And so the most absurd *fiasco* ever achieved—after being courted—by any Government came, for the time, to an end.

Lords. In the House of Lords on *Thursday* Lord ROSEBERRY stated that nothing but financial and routine business would be taken till April 9.

Commons. The Commons relapsed from the excitements of Tuesday and Wednesday upon the comparative flat of general business in connexion with the Estimates. Mr. RENSHEW made perhaps unnecessary inquiries about the etiquette of Lord ROSEBERRY's proposed speech at Edinburgh. In the course of desultory discussions, in which the opponents of the greatness of England mustered in very small strength to grumble at events in Uganda and Zambesia, a member of Parliament of the intensely British name of LABOUCHERE, and famous for his sturdy English patriotism, objected to Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT that he was, or had been, an "American, and not 'a British subject.'"

Politics out of Parliament. The appointments to the new Government, not previously announced officially, were confirmed without alteration on this day week. Mr.

ASQUITH spoke semi-non-politically at a dinner of the Association of Municipal Corporations, congratulated himself and England on the absence of a "jarring 'note'" in the comments on Mr. GLADSTONE's retirement, and thanked GOD that he himself was not a Minister of the Interior. For which we also are thankful. Mr. LABOUCHERE spoke at Northampton—in his new character of Early Christian, no doubt; but, if so, the meekness and absence of angry passions which are supposed to have been connoted in that character were not conspicuous in Mr. LABOUCHERE, who compared the Lords to "vipers," called them "malignant hereditary 'noblemen'" (the "malignancy" of being born is good), made rude remarks about their great-great-grandmothers, and thanked GOD that he was not a snob like that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—who, by the way, was addressing Birmingham on Old Age Pensions without any drop of guile or gall. Countess ALICE KEARNEY and Mrs. AMY HICKS thought almost as badly of the Lords as Mr. LABOUCHERE. It was announced that Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's seat at Leeds was not to be contested, for local reasons.

On Monday morning anticipations of the contents of the QUEEN'S Speech were diversified by news of the resignation (none too soon) by Lord OXENBRIDGE of the post of Master of the Horse. The much-talked-of meeting of the Gladstonian party took place at the Foreign Office on Monday afternoon, Lord ROSEBERRY saying very much what might have been expected. There was nothing changed in the Gladstonian party except that it had a new Gladstonian chief. All the old baits were to be held out to the old sections. Mr. GLADSTONE's threats to the House of Lords were repeated, and Lord ROSEBERRY, with a slightly comic effect, combined a complaint that his Home Rule speech had been misinterpreted with a request "not to be judged by his words." Certainly if he be, he is a very lukewarm Home Ruler indeed. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT followed, and Mr. MORLEY and two or three items made observations.

The odd position of the Government in reference to Mr. LABOUCHERE's amendment was naturally the chief subject of interest on Wednesday morning. But there was a good deal of election news, and the HOME SECRETARY had received a deputation from potters in reference to new rules for the protection of the health of workers.

Thursday morning's papers were naturally full of the details of the Government march through Coventry, and of intensely comic shrieks of repentance from the Radicals who had brought it about. But there was also a good deal of extra-Parliamentary politics of other kinds. Mr. GLADSTONE had written a letter about his retirement to that distinguished Parliament-man, Major JONES. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE advocated the "abolition of the laws which have tended to concentrate 'land in a few hands.'" As these are the laws of nature and history, we are afraid that even a statesman of the intellect and energy of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE has got his work cut out for him. There was good hope that every vacant seat, except Leeds, would be fought. Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. COURTNEY, Lord LONDONDERRY, and others had spoken at different places; and there was a fresh Parnellite manifesto, denouncing Lord ROSEBERRY as an enemy and the Anti-Parnellites as traitors. News was also published of something like a serious quarrel between Dillonites and Healyites, among the more numerous section of the Nationalist party, which had resulted in the dropping of Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR from the party "Committee." This was said to be a hint to "great TIMOTHEUS, placed on high among th' 'un-tuneful choir'" of Anti-Parnellites, that he had better take a lower room. Lord SPENCER and Mr. ASQUITH had spoken, non-politically, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner.

Ireland. A very bad omen of the intentions of the new Government in Ireland was given, yesterday week, by the entering of a *nolle prosequi* in the DE FREYNE prosecutions, after the jury, in the teeth of the clearest evidence, had disagreed.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. It was rumoured, this day week, that disaster had come upon the expedition against the Abors, a troublesome hill tribe on the border of Assam, at the extreme North-East frontier of India. A French Chauvinist paper had an invention about Chinese troops with English officers having appeared on the Upper Mekong. Mr. CECIL RHODES had telegraphed to the President of the American Senate, asking the United States not to tax diamonds. If Mr. RHODES did this as a large diamond dealer, it was rather undignified, and if he did it as a Minister of the Cape Colony, it was more than rather irregular. Sir FRANK LASCELLES, who has done very good service in Egypt, Bulgaria, and Persia, had been appointed to the all-important post of Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

This appointment, a very good one, was rounded off by a still better, which put Sir MORTIMER DURAND in Sir FRANK LASCELLES'S place at Teheran. Considering his Indian experiences, and his recent mission to Afghanistan, no one should be better fitted for the post. The expedition on the Gambia had, after all, had no fighting at Ganjur; the chief FODI SILAH having been, it was thought, so energetically hustled out of his minor strongholds by Major MADDEN without the fleet that he did not care to meet both together. Ganjur had been dismantled, and all was said to be over; but it would be better if FODI SILAH were caught or came in.

In India the Legislative Council had passed the Tariff Bill against a solid non-official vote on the Cotton question, not a few of the officials themselves confessing that their duty rather than their judgment decided them. The rumoured disaster to the Abor expedition turned out to be only a garbled version of an old story, but the thing was troublesome. The French Government had received a slight check in the passing of a resolution on the abolition of certain octroi duties. M. SPULLER had to defend the "new ecclesiastical policy" against extremists on the other side, led by M. BAUDRY D'ASSON. The first clause of the Russo-German Treaty had been carried in the Reichstag by a majority of 54.

More reassuring news about the Abor war came on Tuesday morning, with information that Señor SAGASTA had re-formed his Ministry, that the French Chamber had been engaged on a measure for prohibiting reports of Anarchist trials and on the revision of the Constitution, and that the German Commercial Treaty with Russia was going swimmingly through the Reichstag.

On Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning it was declared that Admiral DA GAMA, deserted, as he was, by the most powerful of the insurgent ships, and face to face with the new Government squadron, had offered to surrender, and had (or had not) taken refuge on board a Portuguese corvette. There was a strange pother in Egypt about an alleged cabal of the Ministry, not the KHEDIVE, to turn out one of the English judges, the affair looking like a ruse on the KHEDIVE'S part to pay out his Ministers for their want of support in the Wady Halfa affair by reversing the parts. FODI SILAH was said to have fled to French territory, and been captured there. The second reading of the Russo-German Treaty had been carried by 205 to 151.

On Thursday it was reported that the French Budget showed a deficit of about five and a half millions sterling, of which about half was expected to be covered by the profits of converting Rentes. The Brazilian civil war—at least as far as Rio was concerned—appeared to be really over, the insurgents

having abandoned their ships and forts. Their leaders, who cannot be said to have shown either much courage or much capacity, had taken refuge on board various foreign men-of-war; but President PEIXOTO was thirsting for their blood in a truly South American manner. Admiral DE MELLO, whose conduct in going wool-gathering with his best ships somewhat excused that of his subordinates, was reported still at large.

Besides the passing of the American Coinage Bill there was but one incident of importance in yesterday morning's news from over-sea; but that was a notable one. An Anarchist who had, presumably at least, entered the Madeleine at Paris with the object of throwing a bomb among the congregation at a Lent sermon, met the fate of BOURDIN, either through a swing door striking his burden, or from pushing incautiously against a fastened door. The particular manner does not matter—as for the general, so perish they all!

The University Boat Race. Yesterday week Oxford, in the teeth of a very strong wind, but encouraged to race by no less than three different scratch crews, which picked them up, and spurted with them at different points, did the whole course very well in 21 minutes 29 seconds. On the other hand, the crew have been accused of the unusual fault of low feathering; while the Cambridge men have been better together during this week than formerly.

The London County Council. The London County Council on Tuesday passed a resolution of congratulation to Lord ROSEBURY.

Sports. In the double billiard match between the Universities last week, Oxford won pretty easily, but the single, after a very close fight, went to Cambridge. Ireland beat Wales at Belfast this day week in their Rugby football match.—The *Britannia* has had more triumphs in the Mediterranean, and on Wednesday all possible or probable athletic victories of Oxford over Cambridge were made naught by the triumph of a Girton and Newnham hockey team over one from Lady Margaret and Somerville.—The Duke of BEAUFORT'S racing stud was sold for a total of about sixteen thousand guineas, Son of a Gun, at two thousand eight hundred, fetching the highest price.

Miscellaneous. This day week Mr. WHITE, Director of Naval Construction, lectured at the Royal Institution on the "Making of a Modern Fleet," and boasted that England, simple as she stands, had, or would have soon, built seventy ships in five years. An important meeting was held at Oxford on the position of Church Schools, for which much must be done if the abuse of the law by the present Vice-President is to be met. Mr. THEOBALD, M.P. for Romford, had met with a very dangerous railway accident, which turned out later to be a fatal one. Mr. YATES THOMPSON modified his offer in the Memorial Chapel matter. Meetings of the University Extension Society and the Association of Municipal Corporations were held this day week.

Mr. SELOUS lectured at the Colonial Institute on Tuesday night, defending the Matabele war very warmly against Mr. LABOUCHERE and others. But Mr. LABOUCHERE may be quite wrong, and yet Mr. RHODES and Dr. JAMESON not quite right.

At a meeting held on Thursday to advocate support for Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, Mr. A. J. BALFOUR attended as a Cambridge auxiliary, and was, indeed, the chief speaker.

Correspondence. There were exchanges of very angry letters on the subject of the alleged brush on the Zambesi last week. It is not pretty to see Englishmen who are interested in foreign Companies jangling thus.

Obituary. Mr. GWILLYM CROWE was very well known as a musical conductor.—Admiral Sir CLAUDE BUCKLE had seen his first active service in Burmah seventy years ago, and had distinguished himself in command of the *Valorous* during the Crimean War.—Of Sir JAMES STEPHEN we speak elsewhere.—The death of Dean HERBERT of Hereford, brother of the second Earl of POWIS, puts another Deanery at the disposal of the Gladstonian party, which, unless it makes Mr. KENNEDY or Mr. TUCKWELL persons famous in its favourite accomplishments, will find the post rather difficult to fill.

Books. A new addition to those romances of adventure which make the best feature of fiction in the present day has been made in Mr. CROCKETT'S *The Raiders* (FISHER UNWIN), a book not faultless, but of capital merit.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

AN incident such as the passing of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S amendment on Tuesday night, with its sequel of Wednesday, always runs the risk of being treated with too much seriousness or with too much levity, too much à la Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or too much à la Colonel SAUNDERSON. In itself, of course, the amendment was not only unconstitutional, but absurd. It did not directly, or even indirectly, recommend that "creation of five hundred peers"—as SUNDERLAND more picturesquely put it to CHURCHILL, that "calling up of 'the Life Guards to the House of Lords'"—which its mover interpreted it as meaning. And, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT kindly pointed out, even this measure would not necessarily effect the purpose. On the contrary, all experience leads us to believe that at least two hundred and fifty, if not four hundred and ninety-nine, of the peers created *ad hoc* would become the keenest champions of the privileges of their order. In any other sense the amendment would justify the application of the sort of procedure adopted against STRAFFORD in the case of Mr. LABOUCHERE, of the poetical Mr. ALLEN, and their hundred and forty-seven followers. For it distinctly advised HER MAJESTY to use some unconstitutional means—to devise some extension of the prerogative—in order to deprive two of the Estates of the Realm of their constitutional rights. We really see no way out but Tower Hill for at least Mr. LABOUCHERE himself.

On the other hand, the thing was, and is, in many ways very far from a joke. It could not have occurred if the Ministerial Whip had done his duty; and, though Mr. THOMAS ELLIS is new in superior office, he had had plenty of practice, and his own political opinions are known to be in sympathy, and something more than sympathy, with the amendment. That amendment, moreover, only put into crude, but practical, if not practicable, shape what the late and present heads of the Government had both solemnly said. Further, it is perfectly certain that it would not have been carried if the Irish members had not seen in it a favourable opportunity for administering a warning to the Government in reference to Lord ROSEBERRY'S "Conversion of 'England'" utterance, or if the extremer Radicals did not cherish a sort of rancour at the disregard of their protests in the selection of a peer-Premier. These things added as much party weight to the thing as that by which they sank it from the point of view of statesmanship and patriotism, and we can quite understand some of the more revolutionary spirits in or about the Ministry saying to Lord ROSEBERRY on Wednesday morning, "You rule by the grace of the scum; listen to the scum's voice, and get yourself out of the 'difficulty by making their words yours.'" Fortunately

for his own reputation as a gentleman and a man of loyalty, though at the cost of the reputation of his Government for fitness to govern, Lord ROSEBERRY did not adopt this way out of the difficulty. He did not consent to present to the QUEEN a request which, though authentically made by a majority of the House of Commons, was either nonsensical or unconstitutional, and in any case insulting. But he could only get his incompetent colleagues and subordinates in the Lower House out of their mess by a procedure humiliating to them, and (in a way) to the House itself. There is nothing in history, and not many things in imagination, more hopelessly absurd and contemptible than the spectacle of a CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and a CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT, after the Address, which they have carefully prepared, has been amended by a majority entirely composed of their own supporters, dropping it like an unclean thing, and moving another to neutralize its effect. Or, if there is anything more absurd and more contemptible, it is their attempt to repeat in vague and illusive form those threatenings against the House of Lords which their rebellious partisan had, at any rate, attempted to reduce to something like business.

The defenders of the Constitution, on the other hand, certainly have nothing to lose by accepting a quarrel, whether the challenge is couched in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S form or in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S. The latter last Monday gave a beautiful description of the Gladstonian party as resembling the British fleet, not at Madagascar, but after Trafalgar. Were it not that Sir WILLIAM is a renowned historical authority, we should be tempted to believe that he has somehow mixed up the chronicles of the navy, and is confusing the Battle of Trafalgar with the Mutiny at the Nore. A party which has just declared war against the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and which, by even a temporary majority, appeals to the Crown to suppress them by an exertion of prerogative, is much more like the "Floating Republic" than like the conquerors of the enemies of England. And Mr. GLADSTONE'S last words in Parliament were certainly more in the character of PARKER than in the character of NELSON. But Gladstonian history is apt to be peculiar. The important thing is that the Gladstonian party, whether mealy-mouthedly, as by the words of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord ROSEBERRY, or crudely, as by those of Mr. LABOUCHERE, has declared war against the institutions of the country, and has maintained that, if it is not allowed to legislate for party purposes, in a party sense, without let, hindrance, or delay, these institutions must go.

We need not dwell much on the lighter side of the matter, tempting though it be. In days when the country was at least partly ruled by wit and men of wit, one can imagine how SWIFT or CANNING would have rejoiced in the opportunity of composing a "Fable of the Skid"—wherein the coach-wheels should protest with indignation at the abominable privileges of this obstructive implement which hangs lazily at ease when they are toiling painfully uphill, which never does anything to help the coach on level ground, but claps itself on, and spoils sport directly the merry spin downhill begins, and there is some chance for a lively set of wheels to distinguish themselves by a spill or over a precipice. One expected, of course, that Lord ROSEBERRY would adopt the common cant of his party—hardly, perhaps, that he would push that cant so far as to talk about "the Carlton Club," of which the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, for instance, is so prominent a member. But it is curious to think what must be his contempt for the intellects to which such cant is an effective argument. For we can hardly suppose it possible that Lord ROSEBERRY is the dupe of his own remarks about the House of Lords offering no opposition to

Tory Governments, but becoming automatically obstructive to Liberal ones. There would be something in this if it were the case that Tory Governments brought in reactionary measures. If a Tory House of Commons put up the franchise to its limits before 1867, restored rotten boroughs, re-enacted the Test and Corporation Acts, and so forth, without interference, or with assistance from the House of Lords, Lord ROSEBURY might have something to say for himself. But he knows perfectly well that, precisely because, and as a consequence, of that gradual character of English reforms which the House of Lords has imposed on English politics, reaction is never attempted in England. He knows—or, at any rate, he ought to know—that, on the rare occasions when an English House of Commons has been distinctly reactionary, the House of Lords has used its “drag” action; and that in the one instance when something like Mr. LABOUCHERE’S prayer was actually granted, it was to force through the policy of a reactionary Government against the resistance of the Upper House.

One of the strongest and most practical lines of argument, therefore, that can be taken up by the defenders of the Constitution is to insist on the unquestionable fact that the comparative immunity of England from reactionary legislation is precisely due to that action of the House of Lords which Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. LABOUCHERE in their different ways denounce. Once grant Mr. ALLEN’S childlike desire for “legislation, accelerated as much as possible,” and it will follow, of absolute necessity, that legislation will cease to be stable. As it is, the action of the House of Lords has secured (what has never been secured in any other way or in any other country) that changes, especially constitutional changes of moment, shall not be made till there is so clear and decided a consensus of opinion in their favour, or at any rate till their opponents have so clearly shown their own weakness or indifference, that there is no danger of a reflux of sentiment. Take this steadying power away, and we not only know from study of human nature, but see from the actual experience of foreign nations, what will happen. At each swing of the pendulum the party in power will naturally seek to grind its own axes, roll its own logs, and, to speak plainly, fill its own pockets as much as it can. The see-saw of Tuesday and Wednesday is more than a joke and a scandal; it is a prophetic warning. “Accelerated legislation” means reiterated revolution.

Now is it worth while, even for the privilege of possessing so accomplished a Prime Minister as Lord ROSEBURY, so effective a Whip as Mr. THOMAS ELLIS, a Government so skilled in governing as that which devoured its own Address on Wednesday, and a body of legislators so distinguished for patriotism, intelligence, cultivation, and judgment as those who followed Mr. LABOUCHERE into the Lobby on Tuesday, to stand the chance, or rather face the certainty, of this?

SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

THE death of Sir JAMES STEPHEN has put a premature, if not an unexpected, end to a life of extraordinary intellectual activity, and, as long as health remained to it, of great public usefulness. In attributing to it this latter quality we do not refer exclusively to the judicial services, valuable as they were, which, up till a few years ago, Sir JAMES STEPHEN rendered to the nation, but also to the general advantage which it had already derived, and might always hope to derive, from the continued application to English jurisprudence, and indirectly to English politics, of a mind which united in singular amplitude and perfection the gifts of the jurist with those of the

political philosopher. Unhappily the actuality of the one kind of public service and the potentiality of the other came to an end together. Withdrawal from the labours of the Bench was not, as one hoped it might be, the signal for a renewal of the activities of the library. The same strenuous spirit which had made the retired judge unwilling to lay aside the burdens of his office until the summons of declining health became too importunate to be resisted, had already, it is to be feared, worn out the powerful frame which housed it. Beyond collecting and reprinting a series of interesting and valuable articles contributed by him to this *Review*, Sir JAMES STEPHEN was unfortunately not destined to make any additions after his retirement to the sum of his literary labours.

One hardly knows whether or not to regret the fact that he was unable to devote to such labours a larger portion of his busy life. English jurisprudence would assuredly have been the loser if he had done so, and his permanent, indeed we may surely say his monumental, contributions to that still too formless science could ill have been spared. The profound learning, the unrivalled acuteness, and the untiring industry which he brought to the work of codification during his official career in India were almost as well bestowed as such great qualities and attainments could be; and if they missed their highest possible application, it was through no fault of his. It was only the tyranny of political events which denied him the honour of doing for the law of England what he did for that of India, and, even as regards the former body of jurisprudence, it would be wholly premature to assume that his labours have been without fruit. When the day comes, as come it must, for the codification of our criminal law, the great work accomplished by him in association with Lord BLACKBURN and Lord Justice LUSH will undoubtedly be found to have laid strong and deep the foundations of an English criminal code. Moreover, as has been pointed out elsewhere by one who knew him well, his example has given an impulse to the activity of our jurists, from which results of no inconsiderable value have accrued. The successful codification of more than one branch of our civil law is undoubtedly, if indirectly, due to Sir JAMES STEPHEN’S initiative as a legal reformer and ordinator in that department of jurisprudence which he had made specially his own.

But, even if he had never adopted the profession of the lawyer, or devoted himself to the studies of the jurist, he would have made his mark upon the thought and the learning of his time. His mind, though of a less speculative cast than that of his friend Sir HENRY MAINE, and noticeably wanting in the generalizing and constructive faculty which so eminently distinguished that remarkable thinker, was, nevertheless, an instrument of extraordinary critical power, and he was no less ably served by his peculiarly effective literary style than was the author of *Ancient Law* by his. Both men, as we have been reminded by the writer above referred to, served their apprenticeship to political journalism, and both developed so signal an aptitude for the practice of that “curious art” as to pursue it intermittently, at any rate, through a considerable portion of their lives. Each employed it in accordance with his temperament and intellectual bent; and thus, while to the former it was mainly a medium for the luminous, but only occasionally contentious, exposition of political principle, it became in the hands of the latter a polemical weapon of the most powerful kind. There has been no more formidable literary controversialist in our time than Sir JAMES STEPHEN, nor any who excelled him in that hand-to-hand style of controversy for which alone it is possible to find room in the narrow arena of the periodical press. Not inappropriate, therefore, was the original appearance of “Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,” that destructive

exposure of MILL'S *On Liberty*, in the columns of an evening newspaper. For, though its final result was the establishment of a counter-philosophy of social and political life, as against that of MILL, and though as such the work deserved, and attained, a longer life than most newspaper controversies, yet the method of the author throughout was of that tersely critical and directly disputative kind which made his work as acceptable to the newspaper reader—or, at any rate, to the newspaper reader before the day of “snippets”—as it is, and will always be, to the student of literature. How Sir JAMES STEPHEN could conduct controversy with a freer hand and wider elbow-room he showed brilliantly in his *Nuncomar and Impey*, the final word on the subject of MACAULAY'S famous essay. And how bracing and manly was his philosophy—“stern” and “hard,” as the smarting sentimentalist was fond of styling it—none who knew either the man or his works will need to be reminded. For it was not more powerfully enforced by precept in many a vigorous passage of his writings than it was taught by example in the resolute, but never ungenial, stoicism of his character and life.

This is not the time or place to dwell upon those qualities which endeared Sir JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN to all who were privileged to know him in private relations. But this much may be said—that he had that rare gift of reading character, with the kindest insight, which encourages and stimulates the members of a younger generation to learn wisdom in the gentlest, yet strongest, of schools from a pre-eminent ornament of the generation that has preceded them. No one who knew him at all could help admiring him. No one who knew him well could help loving him. No young man who knew him well could help loving and revering him.

THE COLLAPSE AT RIO.

THERE may be some doubt as to what Admiral DE MELLO can do; but it is now proved that Admiral SALDANHA DA GAMA has not been able to upset Marshal PEIXOTO. The forces of Government have triumphed over rebellion in Rio Bay, or the tyrant has crushed the patriotic naval officer intent on saving his country, or the kite has for the time being got the better of the crow in the scuffle. Any of these phrases will serve according to the point of view to describe the last stage of the conflict in Brazil. The bare matter of fact is that Admiral DA GAMA has been compelled to surrender at discretion. The rebellion—if that is the proper name to apply to the efforts of one set of armed adventurers to overthrow another body of the same kind—has plainly collapsed through its own weakness. The ships left behind in the bay when Admiral DE MELLO lately escaped to sea have proved unable to overawe PEIXOTO'S supporters in the city. Admiral DE MELLO has been unable to bring help from the South. Little by little the Marshal has gathered strength, and when at last he could command a naval force as well as heavy batteries on shore, Admiral DA GAMA'S opposition has fallen prostrate.

We shall make no attempt to decide how far this defeat is due to the fault of Admiral DA GAMA. He has certainly done nothing to show that he is an insurgent leader of spirit and resource. But then, much may be the result of the bad quality of the tools he had to work with. It would seem that when Admiral DA GAMA found that he could produce no effect on the city, and knew that the ships bought by Marshal PEIXOTO were on their way, he might at least have escaped to sea in order to join Admiral DE MELLO and the other rebels (or enlightened patriots) in the South. Experience has not shown that the

practice of PEIXOTO'S gunners was so good as to make the adventure of running the fire of the forts at the mouth of the Bay at all dangerous. But, then, it may conceivably be the case that the Admiral's ships were short of coal, or his engines out of order, or that the crews had begun to show signs of having had enough of it. At the last stage there was a very apparent general agreement to “take it lying down.” Whether his men would have responded to an appeal to die with their faces to the enemy is, to be sure, extremely doubtful. The Brazilians do not enjoy a reputation for bravery, and have never shown themselves capable of those spasms of savage fighting which are common enough among Spanish-Americans. It is, in any case, certain that the appeal was not made; on the contrary, the leaders were manifestly entirely employed at the end in efforts to save themselves, and there is something decidedly ludicrous in the accounts of insurgents sitting still to be fired at, of bombardments which produced next to no visible effect, of white flags going up and down, and of the general bolt at the end to take refuge in foreign men-of-war.

Unless difficulties arise in consequence of the efforts of Marshal PEIXOTO to secure the surrender of refugees, the fate of the leaders of this wretched disturbance will not be a matter of much interest. No particular sympathy is due to either side, and it seems to have been mainly a matter of accident which was ruler, and which was rebel. But the difficulty may well arise, and prove annoying. It is said that numbers of Admiral DA GAMA'S officers have taken refuge on the French and Portuguese men-of-war. According to one report which we give for what it is worth, he himself was received on board H.M.S. *Sirius*. If a demand is made for his surrender, we may find ourselves entangled in a dispute with the military adventurer who is still President of the Brazilian Republic. The annoyance is one which it is very difficult to avoid. It is hard for an officer to refuse to give refuge to a man who is flying for his life, and yet it must be allowed that men-of-war ought not to make themselves an asylum for rebels against friendly Governments. The resource of keeping out of the way cannot be made use of when the disturbance takes place in a great seaport full of foreign property, and a harbour full of foreign ships. The only available course would seem to be to do something irregular, but to do it as little as possible. Perhaps the method alleged to have been adopted by the French Admiral, of steaming away with your refugee as soon as he is on board, and before he is asked for, is the best available in the circumstances.

THE ROSEBERRY BOMBHELL.

IT would be hard to imagine a more striking contrast than that in which the late debate on the Address stands opposed to the customary form of this Parliamentary proceeding. This Session it has been as short, as dramatic, and as significant as in most years it is prolonged, uneventful, and unmeaning. In any case, probably it would have been something livelier than usual; the complete novelty of the scene and actors, and the extreme obscurity even of the near political prospect, to say nothing of the more remote future, must have insured it a special interest. But to say that nobody could have foreseen the intensity of that interest is only to say that it entered into no one's calculations that the new PRIME MINISTER would begin by throwing a bombshell into the very midst of his supporters. Among the secondary results of this sudden diversion was the defeat of the Government on Mr. LABOUCHERE'S motion; but its immediate, though less sensational, effect was to convert the debate on the Address into a discussion of the Irish question. On Monday night, in the

Commons, it looked as if the course of business at the opening of the Session would follow the usual routine. The meeting of the enthusiastically united Liberal party, at the Foreign Office, had gone off in the expected way. Nothing was changed—there was only one Grand Old Man the less. The new PRIME MINISTER, believe him, was as ardent a patron of the Newcastle Programme as his illustrious predecessor. Home Rule? Well, yes; and of Home Rule too. It is true that he made a rather lukewarm speech in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill of last year; but, really, it was not half so lukewarm—or, rather, it was twice as warm, and not half so luke—as it might have appeared to the superficial observer. Careless people had been attracted by its punctuations of “laughter,” “loud laughter,” and the like; and had forgotten that a man may jest out of a full heart. Besides had not Lord ROSEBURY near him the MICAWBER of Ireland, the Minister who would never, never desert her—Mr. JOHN MORLEY? All which, we say, was exactly what every one of common sense expected to hear, just as the Speech from the Throne, with its one new dish and its “resurrection” “pie” of old ones, was exactly what every one of equally modest gifts expected to see; and so the proceedings in both Houses might, for all that appeared when they met for business in the afternoon, have been about to pass off without exciting more than the interest with which a sudden and rather piquant change of Government was bound to invest it.

A single sentence, however, of the PRIME MINISTER'S speech on the House of Lords sufficed to transform the whole situation. It filled the Irish party with perfectly natural resentment and alarm; it plunged Lord ROSEBURY'S colleagues into a condition of the most ludicrous embarrassment; it incidentally, as we have already said, subjected the Government to a humiliating defeat in the House of Commons; and it drew from Ministers in Parliament, and from Ministerialists in the Press, a series of the most comically lame attempts to explain away the impossible to be explained away that ever set the compassion of a generous adversary contending with his amusement. Never could we have anticipated that the loss of the master sophist would have been so soon and so severely felt by his deserted followers. One could not but perceive how ill concerted were the arrangements connected with Mr. GLADSTONE'S resignation. If his retirement from the Administration at the particular moment was absolutely necessary, he should at all costs have been prevailed upon to take a place—for one night, at any rate—in the corner seat behind the Treasury Bench, inasmuch as his successor's language in the House of Lords was such as no man but Mr. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons could hope to explain away. In his unavoidable absence this task devolved upon Mr. MORLEY, and of the manner in which Mr. MORLEY performed it the less said the better. The utmost that can be said for him is that he could fairly claim that forbearance which protected the pianist of Colorado from the revolvers of his audience. He “did his best.” But his best, like the wretchedly bad best of the Ministerial journalists, has left Lord ROSEBURY'S declaration exactly what it was when it was made. Its apologists, that is to say, have left it a complete surrender of the whole case for the Home Rule Bill of last Session, and an absolute justification of the rejection of that measure by the House of Lords. The PRIME MINISTER said in that House that, “before Home Rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England, as ‘the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its ‘justice’; and after all the desperate glosses and impudent interlineations which have been scribbled on the margin and foisted into the text by agonized

Ministerialist commentators, it remains—well, it remains what the PRIME MINISTER said. Mr. REDMOND knows what it meant; the whole body of the Healyite Irish, who hate Mr. REDMOND, and dare not refuse to follow him, know what it meant; its meaning is perfectly well understood by every Nationalist in Ireland. The Ministerial journalists who are still feebly pecking at it in the press may just as well spare their pains. They will deceive no one; the question of Lord ROSEBURY'S views on Home Rule, and on the conditions of its concession, has really passed beyond the pale of debate. And the only questions which remain, though undoubtedly they are questions of the highest interest, are—first, whether the disclosure was an accident or a “calculated” indiscretion on Lord ROSEBURY'S part; and, secondly, what action—further and other than the rough warning they have already given to the Government—will be taken upon it by the Irish party? The former of these questions may possibly be answered by Lord ROSEBURY himself in Scotland before the week is out; for the answer to the second we may have to wait a little longer.

JEALOUSY.

A FAIR philosopher has lately been reasoning in one of the magazines on the passion of jealousy. She seems to regard it as almost peculiar to her sex, and as rather a romantic, though decadent, emotion than otherwise. Against the former position it may be argued that one sex is just as apt to be jealous as the other. That primeval man was jealous Mr. DARWIN has argued with much show of probability. All male animals are jealous, even male salmon, which fight ferociously for the fair, and very funny is the spectacle, as they drive at each other with their winter beaks. Meanwhile the lady salmon shows no jealousy at all, no more than do the grey hens; when the black cocks hold their crowing tournaments in spring. Hinds are not jealous, stags are jealous, and so on throughout the animal creation. The male fights his rivals, the female only shows courage when her young are threatened, and then a hen thrush will attack a cat. Thus, when primeval man was frankly polygamous, he probably had most of the jealousy to himself, though when he was polyandrous we do not know much about his domestic emotions. It should follow, if we are to be Darwinian, that males will inherit most jealousy. This was apparently the opinion of SHAKESPEARE and of MOLIÈRE. That the latter was jealous we have good enough reason to believe, and his jealous characters, as DON GARCIE DE NAVARRE and SGANARELLE, are men, as a rule. In SHAKESPEARE, from OTHELLO and LEONTES down to Master FORD, we have jealous men in abundance; but of jealous women it is difficult to remember any one beside CLEOPATRA and ADRIANA, in the *Comedy of Errors*. SHAKESPEARE is, perhaps, not unlikely to have caused ANNE HATHAWAY some anxiety; but he does not in that case make many studies from his own experience. Either he thought men the more jealous sex, or he averted his eyes from the foible, undignified rather than tragic, of the green-eyed passion in women.

There seems to be thus no reason for thinking that women have jealousy all to themselves. The opinion is not warranted by history, or by poetry, or by experience. On the other hand, woman, as the weaker vessel, is perhaps the more apt to let her jealousy spill openly and in the sight of the sun. She is, also, the more ready to be jealous without rhyme or reason; just because she has more time to bestow on every sort of unconsidered trifle. It is alleged that she is much the more spiritual being; and her unfriends may add

that she has less balance of common sense. In the first case she places man on a pedestal, yet keeps a wary look out for defects in the idol. This is extremely hard on man; he did not ask, poor fellow! to be placed on a pedestal. He is not fond of being a domestic ST. SIMON STYLITES. He knows that pedestals are slippery places; and that an idol seldom falls or is pushed off, as more often occurs, without being broken. He himself has always been aware that the ideal is an uncommonly rare bird, and is the less disposed to idol-breaking when he discovers a slight flaw. Woman, being more ideal, is more subject to disappointment, indignation, and iconoclasm on hasty suspicion. If she can content herself by reflecting that her spiritual nature is the true source of her discontent, it is well; but she seldom sucks much comfort from this source. Her lord has an unfeigned pleasure in the society of Miss A or Mrs. B, and down comes the idol in a shower of dust. Yet her lord may be a very innocent and faithful soul; nothing is to blame but the lady's own intensely spiritual temper. Unluckily it is a spiritualism shared by little dogs and cats. If you caress Pepper the dandy, then Skerry the Skye is up in arms. But, instead of biting you, as he ought in all conscience and reason to do, he bites Pepper, who is entirely blameless in the business. There may be something ideal in all this, as also when Mrs. B is rude to Miss C; but an orthodox Darwinian will advance quite a different hypothesis.

In brief, it would seem that jealousy, unfounded or posthumous—the worst shape of the emotion—may just as reasonably be called animal as spiritual, and perhaps rather more so. If this view wins acceptance, and if jealousy is really dying out, it is not because the human race is growing more depraved, reckless, unideal; but because it is “working out the beast,” and acquiring, though slowly, something like right reason. It is argued that there can be no love without jealousy, which is hard on worthy people who, having no provocation and plenty of belief, are not jealous. If love is suspicious, uneasy, inclined to make scenes, and if all that is ideal, the more we betake ourselves to the embraces of the real the better for humanity in general. But the truth is probably to be found in the very opposite direction, and an ideal affection will be entirely free from jealousy. At all events, to believe this would be a fortunate element in feminine opinion, whereas the other view merely “breeds fruitful hot water for ‘all parties.’” If you can persuade a lady that *not* to be jealous is to be ideal, it is well. But argument is not of much avail. Jealous people, like poets and anglers, “are born to be so.”

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE WHIP.

“THERE is no precedent for an Under-Secretary ‘being a Privy Councillor,’ said TAPER. ‘But ‘we live in revolutionary times,’ said TADPOLE.” This conversation took place in the year 1832. If they had lived two generations later, TADPOLE might have been Speaker of the House of Commons and TAPER a member of the Cabinet. The rise of Under-Secretaries in the political scale is as nothing to the magnification of the Whips. Two successive Speakers—the SPEAKER that now is, and his immediate predecessor—were Gladstonian Whips. Two ex-Gladstonian Whips sit in the present Cabinet, transferred thence directly from the Lobby. Less than a quarter of a century ago the translation would have been as marvellous as the nomination of the whipper-in of the pack to be Master of the Pytchley Hounds. We live in a more revolutionary time even than that which opened the eyes of Mr. TADPOLE to the boundless possibilities that

lay before the Under-Secretaries of the future. There may have been ex-Whips at previous periods who have ultimately reached the Cabinet. Sir CHARLES WOOD and “Bear” ELLICE were examples. But they did not pass thither at one bound. They underwent a process of fumigation in other minor offices before they were admitted into the circle of HER MAJESTY'S confidential advisers. As a rule, the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury was held to have renounced the ordinary objects of Parliamentary ambition in taking that post. He had exiled himself from the House proper into the Lobby. He could not take part in the debates, some prominence in which was the condition of nomination even to Under-Secretaryships, or to a still lower Ministerial place. He was shunted for life. Sir CHARLES WOOD and Mr. ELLICE became Cabinet Ministers in spite of their having been Whips, and when the fact that they had once filled that useful and necessary, but somewhat undignified, office had been almost forgotten, or, at any rate, when the impressions based upon it had been effaced by their discharge of other functions. Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY'S and Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S sole claim to the Cabinet rank consists in the fact that they have been Whips and carry the knowledge and experience acquired in that character into the Cabinet. The one is Lord Privy Seal; the other—titularly at least—Postmaster-General. But they are really the chiefs of the Electioneering and Wire-pulling Departments. The time may not be distant when the COPPOCKS and SCHNADHORSTS of the future will sit in the Cabinet.

The change in their position is simply the outward sign of a change which has come over the public life of England. The Whip of a generation ago had to manage men in detail, to influence them one by one, to humour their individual peculiarities. He lived in the Lobby. He carried on his business in a great degree without the aid of articulate speech. He was a master of the art of nods and winks and slappings of the pocket and significant pressures of the hand, conveying assurances too delicate to be trusted to words. He was a proficient in the methods of suggesting a good deal to the sanguine hopes of a wavering supporter of the Government without committing himself to anything definite, and without in any way pledging his chief. But the situation of affairs has changed in Mr. GLADSTONE'S time. The Gladstonian Whip has not had to influence men in detail, he has had to control them in mass. It has been his business not to convey to Mr. GLADSTONE the feelings of his party, but to convey to the party the orders of Mr. GLADSTONE, accompanied in any case of recalcitrance with the threat of appeal to the local hundred or two hundred. The duty of the Whip now is less to know the House of Commons and its members one by one than to know the constituencies and the Caucuses. Hence his presence in the Cabinet has become desirable, in order that he may help to give its policy the proper electioneering turn. If he has amiable social qualities in addition, so much the better. If he is a lord, or the kinsman of a lord, or the husband of the daughter of a lord, that will go for something. The middle-class Radical likes being “whipped” by a lord as much as the less sycophantic bargeman liked whopping one. But the essential difference is that, while the Whip of the old school dealt with men in detail, the Whip of the new school deals with them in mass. The personal element is disappearing from public life. For a party we have a drove. But unless Mr. THOMAS ELLIS improves on his Tuesday's exploit, it must be feared that the drove has at the present moment no very good drover.

KICKED AND CONTENT.

WHEN Mr. GUNTER and Mr. NODDY announce themselves mutually satisfied, nobody else, it may be thought, has a right to a say in the matter. The tear of Ministerial defeat having been wiped with a little Address—a new one—the affair, the Government no doubt think, should be allowed to drop. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, indeed, if we may judge from his soreness at Colonel SAUNDERSON'S chaff, even objects to the tear being "followed perhaps by a smile"; but that is a phase of human nature which has been illustrated before. "See the jester when it comes 'home to him'" is the only reflection which Sir WILLIAM'S rebuke of his opponent's levity need suggest. And let us now remark, on our own account, that there is another and a more serious side to this debate on the Address which was no Address, and its incidents, which seems in most quarters to have been strangely overlooked. Possibly this complete neglect of it may be only an effect of the profound public contempt, hitherto unfathomed even by ourselves, into which this Government of puppets manipulated by wrangling wirepullers has by this time fallen. Such processes of gradual declension into ignominy may often go on for a long time silently and almost unperceived. An Administration which accepts existence on such terms as HER MAJESTY'S present advisers are content with may go on pocketing slight after slight, until we suddenly awake one morning to find that it has been caned in the market-place, and has taken it "lying down," and that nobody is surprised.

Some sort of a sub-conscious feeling that Ministers will stand anything, that they are simply incapable of being kicked into a sense of dignity, and that no amount of such percussion can produce even the tiniest explosion of resentful pride—some such idea as this must surely be presupposed, as the explanation of the entire neglect in which the personal aspect of the late so-called Ministerial crisis has been allowed to remain. How else to account for the fact that the contingency of Ministers resigning, or of taking some immediate steps for the retrieval of their position—if any such steps were possible—seems never to have entered the mind of any single commentator on the situation? For let us consider what that situation was. There is room, of course—as when, in such cases, is there not?—for ingenuity in explaining away some of the circumstances of it which were the most unfavourable to the Government; but, taking it at the most indulgent estimate for them, it was a situation in which we venture to say that no Government of twenty years ago would have consented to remain unprotesting for a single hour. There is not an Administration that ever held power in this country before that day—not even the least respectable or most lightly considered—who would have sat meekly down under the gross indignity which was inflicted upon Ministers last Tuesday night, or whose chief would have met the inquiries of the Leader of the Opposition as to the course they meant to adopt with the cynically unabashed reply that they meant to "proceed with the 'business before them.'" Why, the business, the first and most urgent business before Ministers of the older and better type, would have been to restore, if possible, the damaged authority of the QUEEN'S Government, or to consider whether it had not sustained a shock so fatal to that authority as to render it their duty, not only to their Sovereign and country, but to their own self-respect, to resign their offices. Can any one conceive Lord PALMERSTON or Mr. DISRAELI, after the delivery of so brutal a blow at their Ministerial credit and Parliamentary efficiency as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his colleagues received the other night, consenting to proceed with the debate on the Address as calmly as if nothing had happened? Had they encountered

defeat on any question of the slightest public importance, they would instantly have adjourned the House to consider the situation; but in such a case as this they would probably never have met the House again as Ministers except for the purpose of announcing their resignations. To have been compelled by a rebellious section of their party to admit into the Address a paragraph which is at once an insult to the Sovereign and an outrage on the Constitution would have been more than enough for any Administration of former times. They would not have talked nonsense about "snap-divisions" when seventy-seven of their conscripts and seventy of their hired men went into the Lobby against them. They would have held, and rightly held, that, after such a blow to their repute and efficiency as a Government, they could not, consistently with a regard for their own honour and the national welfare, remain longer in office. What is more, the public opinion of their own time would have scouted them with indignant scorn if they had taken any other course. Whereas the public of to-day have looked on with but a slightly contemptuous amusement at the late crisis, curious only to ascertain, not what the Government would do to resent the insult inflicted upon them, but simply which pocket they meant to put it in.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

ONE result of the arrangement of public business has been that, as Captain NOEL put it at the dinner of the Institution of Naval Architects, a great deal has been heard about the navy at the end of this week. It was not only the main subject of discussion at the meeting of the Institution, which was natural, but it has been in the front of the transactions of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and it had, directly and indirectly, the lion's share of the resolutions they passed and the speeches they listened to at their dinner. Of all the changes of which Mr. ASQUITH spoke in returning thanks for the Ministry, none is more to be noted than this—that a body of men of business should be found urging Ministers to spend money on warlike preparations. Thirty or forty years ago this would hardly have been the case. Men of business may be trusted to know their own interest, and the alteration from the time when the outlay of money on armaments was only tolerated as a dismal necessity is not one of which we complain. Whether the members of the Chambers of Commerce were well pleased with the obvious pleasure Mr. ASQUITH showed in dwelling on the truth that more ships will cost more money, we have no means of knowing. His hearers would not have been guilty of malice if they detected a certain satisfaction in his tone at the prospect that the necessity for a large building vote will come in conveniently as a justification of "a democratic Budget."

Whether the hosts of the HOME SECRETARY heard this tone in his speech or not, it was decidedly perceptible in the printed version. Taken in combination with his complacent review of all that has been done to improve the position of the working classes, it will serve to prepare the public mind for the coming Budget. Lord SPENCER, who answered for the navy, was able to keep to the pleasant subject of the increase of the number of ships. It would have been highly improper on his part to say what the increase was to be, and, moreover, entirely unnecessary, partly because the Estimates were to come out immediately, and then because nobody wants to be bothered with details after dinner. It would have been interesting to hear what Lord SPENCER really thinks of the proposal to have one Minister for Defence, on which he just touches at the beginning of his speech. If there is any foundation for the report that

a Commission is to be appointed to examine into its merits, the passion for this particular kind of machinery must be as strong in the renewed Ministry as it was in the old. Lord SPENCER's criticism that the load of responsibility would be too much for one man is hardly adequate. Indeed, the ease with which apparently crushing loads of responsibility are borne by quite average politicians is truly astonishing. The appointment of the Commission would certainly not be unworthy of that spirited beginning of the Ministry's career on which Mr. ASQUITH was so jocularly complacent. That Mr. ASQUITH also intended to be jocular when, at the end of his very rapid survey of the relations of the Government to commerce during the last sixty years, he made a graceful reference to the settlement of the coal strike by his "friend and chief," is improbable. Yet there was a certain humour in the form of the compliment. As both parties to the dispute were thoroughly sick and sorry, and as the settlement settled nothing, Mr. ASQUITH's compliments are difficult to estimate at their proper value until we know what really is the HOME SECRETARY's most intimate view of his friend and chief. What his pious wish, that Parliament could establish "a system of industrial arbitration corresponding with that in the wider sphere of international relations," ought to be considered we hardly know. Perhaps a reverential reminiscence of the style of Mr. GLADSTONE. But these phrases sound very well after dinner, and it is not fair to insist that they should have a definite meaning.

The publication of the Estimates and explanatory statement promised by Lord SPENCER on Wednesday will serve to quiet as much of that fear as to the navy, which is understood to exist, as is genuine. We by no means commit ourselves to the proposition that there has been any considerable amount of fear, except of the newspaper kind, for which we have the word of the newspaper-man, whose modest habit it is to speak for the country with a confidence nothing can shake. Adhering to our practice of treating the navy as above party politics, and abstaining, therefore, from carping at the Admiralty simply because Lord SPENCER is not a Unionist, we are disposed to think that effectual measures will be taken to provide that the number of our warships is brought up to a sufficient level by the time the showy paper programmes of France and Russia are even nearing completion. Nor shall we complain that Lord SPENCER has not introduced a naval programme on the model of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S. This resource for putting the navy beyond the reach of Parliamentary accidents has its advantage, but also its disadvantage. If a programme binds the House of Commons not to cut down the navy votes, it also imposes an honourable obligation on Ministers not to ask for more till it is completed. It would be easy to show from the history of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S own Administration that this obligation may tie the hands of a First Lord very inconveniently.

The Estimates provide—to begin with the more showy part of every naval scheme—for the building of seven first-class battle-ships, of which five are to be begun in this year and two next year. If the rate of building attained at the end of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S Administration is maintained, all these seven battle-ships can be completed by the end of 1899—that is to say, before France and Russia have carried out their programmes. The decision of the Admiralty to build these new battle-ships of a great size will probably meet with a good deal of criticism. Many who write on naval affairs are strongly opposed to the policy of building big ships. The question is a very difficult one; but the speech of Mr. WHITE at the Institution of Naval Architects will, we think, convince all who read him fairly that there is a strong case in favour of the very big ship.

It possesses the power to carry great quantities of stores and coal at a high rate of speed, which, being interpreted, means that it can range further and stay longer out. This is a very important consideration, indeed, to a Power which cannot afford to stand on the defensive and keep its ships in harbour. It is very doubtful whether a smaller number of vessels of greater range and staying power would be replaced by even twice as many ships less efficient in these two respects. It must be remembered also that the smaller vessel does not carry a proportionately smaller crew. The six cruisers which are to be taken in hand with the seven battle-ships are not of the largest type. In regard to vessels of this class, less will need to be done for some years to keep us at the proper relative level.

We believe that not a few naval officers—of the kind who work, we mean, not of the retired letter-writing order—would have been satisfied with less building if more had been done to increase the number of men, and especially in the engine-room classes. This most vital duty has not, indeed, been neglected. Lord SPENCER's explanatory statement shows that rather more than six thousand men, of whom more than a third are to be engine-room hands, are to be added to the effective strength of the navy this year. This is satisfactory, as far as it goes; and it is satisfactory, without any sort of qualification, to find the Admiralty making no complaint of difficulty in recruiting. It can, apparently, get the stokers it wants, and of a good quality. Whether Lord SPENCER will be able to secure the eight hundred men whom he intends to recruit from the merchant ships remains to be seen. The merchant seaman has not got over his old dislike of the navy, though the grievances which made his hatred of it intelligible are gone. But if they can be secured, so much the better—and, we may add, so much the less reason for fixing on eight hundred. Of course, there is the account-keeping and the expense to be considered. But the first could be got over by management, and, as for the second, the last item on which we ought to grudge money is for officers and men, seeing that our great want in another war will most assuredly be less in ships than in trained officers and men to handle what we have and to replace loss.

THE NEW GOLD FEVER.

THE year 1893 is one Australians will remember. First came the bank failures; then the measles; then the influenza; then the gold fever; and then Tarcoola. In the latter part of the year gold fever was fairly raging in Adelaide. In Melbourne the excitement was considerable, and few visitors during Cup week can have come away without hearing endless discussions about the Coolgardie gold-fields, or having the familiar figure of their discoverer pointed out to them. In Sydney, from the highest official at Government House down to the lowest Domain loafer, Coolgardie had begun to make its influence felt. As for Brisbane, Hobart, and Wellington, they, too, had heard the fame thereof with their ears. It is scarcely necessary to add that throughout the central and southern districts of Western Australia the gold-fields, and the gold-fields only, occupied men's thoughts. For in this fortunate colony Coolgardie is situated; and here it is supposed that great numbers of immigrants will shortly arrive, who, whether they attain prosperity or not, are pretty certain to be a cause of prosperity to others.

The spot where the principal find of gold was made has, of course, been appropriated; in the same district there have been other places where valuable discoveries of gold have been made, and these also have been appropriated; and much land, too, has been appropriated on which valuable discoveries have not been made; finally, there is the yet larger area still unappropriated and unexplored. It is presumably in this last region, lying around Coolgardie and

Southern Cross, that, according to a telegram lately published, 40,000 men are expected to settle as soon as the rains shall have commenced and the fierce heat have been changed for the healthy temperature of a West Australian winter. The same telegram that announces this fact mentions also that the Government of the colony are sending home specimens of the Coolgardie ores. When these specimens arrive they will demonstrate clearly—as do all carefully chosen specimens of gold ore—that the selectors knew what they were about, and could distinguish auriferous rock from pyrites.

Such, baldly stated, is the story of Coolgardie up to the present date. It would be easy to relate it in a manner more calculated to appeal to the imagination; and to account for the excitement in Australia at the present moment it must be assumed that the imagination has already begun to play an important part in the affairs of the new diggings. When, as happened in Adelaide a few months ago, a little band of young men, poor and inexperienced, can form themselves into a company, and sell every one of their shares before they have bought even their kit, on the strength of a mere intention to start for the gold-fields, that is sufficient evidence to show that the excitement of which we speak is verging on a mania. For some time past agents have been prowling about Coolgardie on behalf of capitalists in big towns, and others have been prospecting on their own account. But during the hot season it is clear that the fever has spread far and wide; and now, in spite of the fact that numbers of miners have already come back from the diggings broken-hearted, it seems that vast numbers of men are going to invade the country. The mere publication of the estimated figures will help to intensify the fever already existing; hence, it is worth while pausing for a moment to examine the composition of this great crowd of adventurers in whose ears Hope is now telling a flattering tale. They will not all be of the same class. Some there will be who, though poor and rough in appearance, are men of practical experience and considerable wealth. These are they who will have the best chance of success. They will take leases, not claims; they will be able to employ the number of men stipulated by statute, and to put up the requisite machinery, a matter, perhaps, of two or three thousand pounds. Above all, they will be competent and able to look after their own interests on the spot, and can afford to wait. Others will be the agents of syndicates, who, according to their honesty and intelligence, will serve their employers well or ill. Others will be little groups of partners who have clubbed their money together and are willing to work on their own leases. Sometimes, no doubt, in a party of this kind one will have capital and another will contribute experience. If, after a few months, the man who had the experience has the capital, and the man who had the capital the experience, it will only be a very old story. Still, with honesty, luck, health, and a little intelligence all these classes may do well. And if the region prove as rich as it is supposed to be, clearly many working miners will be required. The rate of wages last year was in some parts between 3*l.* and 4*l.*, though, of course, prices were proportionately high. A large proportion of the 40,000 will be tradesmen and camp followers. Of these it may be noted that they are not going to Coolgardie because they think there is gold there, but because they know that a great many other men think there is gold there. The same may be said of the inevitable loafers, sharpers, and swindlers. There remain to be considered the very large number who, being physically and morally unfitted for mining, will return almost immediately; and the equally large class of poor miners anxious to set up on their own account. These men, with very few exceptions, will fail. Coolgardie is not a poor man's gold-field. In the early years of Australian mining the gold found was nearly all alluvial. But Coolgardie is a reefing country, and the ore requires crushing by machinery. Crushing machines and amalgamators are very expensive and quite beyond the means of poor men. Were these facts generally realized, it is probable that the 40,000 would dwindle into a smaller and less striking number.

Figures of four, then, with "as many oughts after them as the printer can get into the same line," should not be allowed to turn anybody's head. Nor should statistics of success apart from statistics of failure be sufficient to create a fever. When one part of a gold-field is remunerative, one knows what to expect with regard to the rest of it. No doubt now, as formerly, reports of experts, paid to lie and

skilled in lying, will be laid before us by unscrupulous promoters. On the principle that the next best thing to being the rose is to live near it, worthless leases in the neighbourhood of sharply defined gold reefs will be put on the market wholesale. People who invest in these would be equally justified in buying a tobacconist's shop in the hope of finding it full of bullion because it happened to be next a bank. But what do the public know of experts and promoters, of gold reefs, or of "salting," boring, and "pinching out"? Nothing; and when the fever is on them they care less. A well-timed telegram, a judiciously worded report, a false rumour, infect thousands of noodles in a single day. According to their positions in life and their temperaments, some rush to the diggings and some to their stockbrokers. Yet if they would learn from the past they might be warned. There have been equally remarkable gold discoveries in Australia before, and the fever has devoured as many victims in New South Wales and Victoria as it seems likely to do in Western Australia.

Of the miners of 1851 how many are now rich men? Some of them were young and brave, and in grim earnest, forty years ago. We know the histories of two or three of them; there is little in the story of their lives to encourage the belief that gold-mining generally leads on to fortune. Yet gold was found in abundance. Three blocks of gold from the Murroo Creek weighed 112 lbs.; the Victoria Nugget was a mass of virgin gold weighing 340 oz.; one piece of gold, with very little quartz in it, weighed 106 lbs.; a nugget from the Dunolly district, which weighed 2,280 oz. 10 dwts., after melting was worth 9,534*l.*; in the two gold-fields of Ballarat and Mount Alexander alone, both in Victoria, there were found over 105 tons of the precious metal in the space of about a year. It is small wonder there was gold fever. There is no need to turn to contemporary records and official statistics to discover how it affected people in this country. Many a man is alive to-day who can remember roughly the proportion between those who made and those who lost money during the decade of 1851-61. The lying prospectuses, the haste to grow rich, the treachery of friends, the swindling, the ignorance, and the fraud are still fresh in the memories of not a few. So strong an impression did the losses of the victims make upon their minds, and so widespread were those losses as compared with the gains, that to this day with a large and not the least intelligent part of the British public the mere mention of a gold-mine is as a stink coming up unto their nostrils.

These things are a lesson. They show that the richest gold-field may produce the severest ruin. This would not be so if men kept their heads cool. It is, unfortunately, the interest of the unscrupulous that gold fever should rage; we can only trust that in this country the soil on which it thrives has become sterile.

MONEY MATTERS.

SINCE the new year began there has been a very great change in commercial opinion. Just before Christmas the feeling was everywhere depressed; indeed, in many cases actually despondent. It was said that matters had not been so bad in the City during the lifetime of the present generation, and that there were no signs anywhere of improvement. All that is now changed. The City is far more cheerful. Trade circulars and market reports are hopeful. And, above all, there is statistical evidence that confidence is reviving. The Board of Trade Returns for February were especially satisfactory. They showed an increase in the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures of nearly 3½ per cent., and an increase in the value of the imports of over 14 per cent. It is true that much of the increase in the exports was due to a temporary demand for cotton goods for India. But against that is to be set off the fact that the American demand for our goods had fallen nearly as much as the Indian demand had augmented; and, putting aside both India and the United States as for the moment under temporary and exceptional influences, there is an increase in the exports to most other parts of the world. For the two months of the year the increase in the value of the exports is over 2 per cent., and in the imports is over 15 per cent. Not less satisfactory are the railway traffic returns. Taking the seventeen principal lines of the United Kingdom, we find that in goods alone there is an increase in the first nine

weeks of the year of 262,000*l.*, or just 4 per cent., showing clearly that business is more active all over the country than it was at the beginning of last year. Upon the Stock Exchange, too, there is a marked revival of investment. Happily, speculation is absent. The public have taken to heart the lessons of the past three or four years, and are now buying only sound securities. But that they are buying so steadily is clear evidence that distrust has been dissipated, and that people are looking forward to the future with confidence. And there is every reason to hope that the improvement will continue. In the first place, the prices of commodities are exceptionally low. In the history of the world wheat has never been so cheap. Many people urge that that contradicts our argument that trade is improving; that, on the contrary, it shows that depression still prevails. No doubt there is depression in agriculture, not only here at home, but all over the world. Apart from agriculture, however, the depression has unquestionably lightened, and will lighten more. For it is to be borne in mind that, if exceptionally cheap wheat is bad for the agricultural classes, it is good for all other classes. Working people, for instance, have to pay less now for their food than at other times. Therefore, the bread bill requires a smaller proportion of their wages, and they have more money to lay out upon other things. When we recollect how many millions of working people there are all over Europe, it will be seen that even a very small marginal increase has an important influence upon consumption when taken all together. Furthermore, the prices of raw materials of manufacture are unusually low. Therefore, manufacturers are able to buy raw materials with great advantage to themselves, and when prices begin to rise their profits will be correspondingly improved. Wages, it is to be borne in mind, have not fallen as much as prices. At first this caused serious disadvantage to employers. They had to pay high wages while the prices of what they had to sell were continually falling. Now prices have reached the lowest point, or very nearly the lowest point, and manufacturers are able to buy the raw materials of their manufactures so cheaply that the stationariness of wages is largely counteracted. Over and above all this, the rates of interest and discount are very low, and are likely to continue very low, probably for the present year. Everywhere the supply of loanable capital at the great banking centres is unusually large. As yet the improvement in trade is only beginning. Consequently the demand for loans and discounts is small, and bankers are able to get but unprofitable rates. The result is that merchants can get accommodation from their bankers on exceedingly favourable terms. Thus the man who is engaged in trade at present is able to buy raw materials very cheaply, and to get loans from his banker on very favourable terms. Consequently he is working at a greater advantage to himself than he has done for the past four years. On the other hand, the working classes, getting their food very cheaply, have more money to spend on other things, and as their consumption increases, merchants will be able to sell more largely, and so to make better profits. It is not to be presumed that the recovery in trade will be rapid; indeed, it would be unfortunate if it were to be so, for that would indicate speculation. But that it will be continuous and steady we have every reason to hope.

Money has not been in quite such strong demand this week as for some few weeks previously, in spite of the fact that the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange began on Tuesday morning, the supply in the market having been increased by the large purchases of Consols for the Sinking Fund. For the remainder of the month the payments out of the Exchequer will nearly, if not quite, equal the receipts; and when the interest on the National Debt is paid, early in April, there will be so large an addition to the open market supply that every one is looking for a long period of cheap money. Gold still continues to come in in considerable amounts. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank received a little over a quarter of a million, and the receipts are likely to continue. The rate of discount in the open market is little more than 1½ per cent.

On Wednesday the India Council offered as usual 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and sold the whole amount at 1*l.* 1½*d.* per rupee. The price is not quite as good as last week, but the sales are exceedingly satisfactory. Roughly, it may be said that the rupee is now about 3½*d.* above its intrinsic, or metallic, value. The

exports from India continue upon a large scale; but money is becoming more plentiful, as the large sales of Council drafts during the past few weeks have stopped the accumulation in the Treasuries. On Thursday the Bank of Bombay lowered its rate from 10 to 8 per cent., and the Bank of Bengal its rate from 10 to 9 per cent. There has been a good demand during the week for silver for China; and the expectation is that the Indian demand will soon spring up again. The price ranges about 27½*d.* per oz. Up to last Tuesday night the Council sold a little over 8½ millions sterling worth of drafts, and borrowed rather more than 7½ millions sterling. Its total receipts from sales and borrowings, therefore, exceed 15½ millions sterling. According to the Budget, it requires to raise a little under 18½ millions sterling; so that during the three weeks still to be accounted for it has to get in rather more than 2½ millions sterling. It is doubtful whether it can do so by the sale of its drafts.

On Monday the meeting of shareholders of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation ordered by the Court was held, and an amendment was carried "receiving" but not "adopting" the Report. The directors called for a poll, but it has since been announced that they will not insist upon it, and that therefore the amendment will be accepted. Also, a committee was appointed, which is to make a report on a reconstruction scheme at the adjourned meeting to be held next Monday. On Thursday, at the meeting of shareholders in the Bank of England, a plain tale of the recent irregularities was told and accepted.

The surrender of the rebel fleet at Rio seems to bring to an end the long and purposeless struggle in Brazil, and there has been in consequence a sharp rise in Brazilian securities. There has also been a general recovery in South American and Central American securities, and even United States securities have been in better demand. In reality there is very little to justify the improvement. Even in Brazil the expenditure of the Government must have been on an enormous scale. The revolt in the South has not yet been suppressed, and it remains to be seen whether the authority of the Central Government can be maintained. In any case, the finances will continue in a desperate condition for a long time to come. In the United States, Congress is pursuing a most unwise policy. Apparently, the Silver Seigniorage Bill will not be vetoed by the President. The Senate Committee that is considering the Tariff Bill has not yet been able to agree upon the measure, and nobody can foresee how the debate will end. Under these circumstances it is hardly likely that there will be much improvement in trade for some time to come. Of course, people must live, and therefore there will be a certain amount of business. That there can be any real activity, however, is not probable. In Paris a very confident feeling prevails, although trade is depressed and agriculture is in a bad way, while the increase of Customs duties is telling adversely upon commercial business. Still, the great bankers predict a general rise in prices, and the market is encouraged by the change in the Spanish Ministry. True, the new Cabinet is neither as strong nor as experienced nor as much respected as its predecessor; but as the late Finance Minister was strongly opposed to the demands made by the leading bankers in Paris for concessions in respect of the railways, and as he has had to resign, the impression in Paris is that Señor Sagasta will yield to the demands of the bankers. If he does so, it will be on condition that a large loan is raised by them in Paris for Spain. But it is very uncertain whether such a loan can be raised. It is doubtful, indeed, whether Spain can continue to pay the full interest upon her existing debt, and every addition to that debt must, of course, make her position more difficult. In Italy the opposition to the new taxes proposed by the Ministry is proving stronger than was expected, and Italian Rentes are again being sold. In spite of that and the losses thereby inflicted, confidence in Germany is rapidly recovering. At home trade is slowly improving, distrust is disappearing, and investment is extending. Happily there is no speculation as yet, and therefore there are complaints on the Stock Exchange of want of business. But there is a fair amount of investment in spite of the complaints.

Consols closed on Thursday at 99½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. The Two and a Half per Cents closed at 98½, or within 1½ of par, showing how

extraordinary of late has been the rise in the very best securities. Indian and Colonial securities have been well sustained, but the changes are not considerable. In the Home Railway market there are not many changes either; most of those to be recorded, however, are downwards. North-Eastern Consols are an exception. They closed on Thursday at 162, a rise of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday. But North-Western closed at 167, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Midland closed at 153 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1; and Brighton "A" closed at 149 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of as much as 3. In the American market the movements are nearly all upwards. Thus, to begin with the more speculative classes of securities, Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 15 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Erie shares closed at 18, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Passing next to the shares which sometimes pay dividends, and sometimes do not, Milwaukee closed at 64 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; and Louisville and Nashville closed at 49 $\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of 1. Coming next to the sound dividend-paying shares, Illinois Central closed at 94 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Pennsylvania closed at 52, also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. The more speculative bonds have likewise risen. Thus Denver Fours closed on Thursday at 76 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; and Atchison Fours closed at 75 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 2. The better classes of bonds are in very good demand. Argentine Government Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 65 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. Brazilian Four per Cents of 1889 closed at 62 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as 5 $\frac{1}{2}$; and the Four and a Half per Cents of 1888 closed at 66, a rise of as much as 7. Inter-Bourse securities have not changed very much, with the exception of Bulgarian Sixes, which are steadily rising towards par. They closed on Thursday at 99, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE MARCH HARE.

WHY is the March hare branded as mad? This is a question which may puzzle a good many besides Alice in Wonderland, to whom the tea-party with the Hare and the Hatter brought no enlightenment. Mad is an epithet easily applied often by people who are too stupid ever to run any risk of the malady. A hare once netted as a precaution by the keeper will not be netted again by the cleverest poacher, whatever he may do with the deadly and unobtrusive wire. If hares have such an amount of sanity in perilous autumn, why should they have less in peaceful spring, when all legitimate hostility is tabooed?

And certainly their surroundings are such as should conduce to a calm and pleasurable mental condition. The fields are starred with early flowers, primroses and daffodils contrasting with shy violets and dainty celandines. Green is the meadow, a tenderer green marks the larch boughs; the coppice trees are in bud; the thrush warbles from the elms, the chiffchaff sings from the ash-boughs; the early trout are rising at the first insect life, and ignoring that imitated by the enthusiastic angler, who utters the only jarring note in the concert. Amid such surroundings the hare is deemed to be mad. Why? Because, like the innocent and the lark, whom Cowper sings, the hare is gay.

For it is pairing time, and it is *gaieté du cœur* which induces the hares to behave in an unusual manner. Those only familiar with them when coursed or shot would be astonished at their gambols in March. They are then seen in little groups in the fields; they curvet and gambol, as Charles Lamb says of his pen; they indulge in leaps and bounds, they play together with coquettings and chasings of each other under the hedgerows, white with blackthorn and sloe-blossom and pink with crabtree bloom; they are full of antics such as Cowper saw in his tame pets, for *Alma Venus* asserts her sway. The ordinary habits of the sedate timorous hare are altered. At other times, watching her unnoticed from some coign of vantage, you will see her perchance daintily nibbling a leaf or clover tuft. She pauses between her nibbles, she eats in constant fear; her long ears, sensitive to the most distant sound, are on constant duty. The least suspicion is sufficient. Or she may be couched statuesque in her form. But she is staid, indeed, in comparison in either case with the nimble and audacious rabbit. At this time her whole manner is different. Her gaiety and companionship make her far less fearful of men's proximity. So it is in the breeding season with some of the wildest birds, of which fact the curlew, one of the wariest and shyest, is a remarkable instance. And though her legitimate foes are now at

peace, that does not apply to the poacher. He can always find purchasers for his prey. Therefore, the hare's temporary comparative tameness is, if he have the opportunity, made profitable by his illegitimate industry.

But because the hares are merry in March and show it by various freaks, that is no reason for dubbing them mad or for making "hare-brained" an uncomplimentary epithet. At any rate, if they be, their "irresponsible frivolity" is unaccompanied by "chatter" and does no harm to the body politic. And that reminds us that this March may be a specially merry or mad one, if you please, for the world of hares. At any rate, they have some cause for self-congratulation. They have increased of late years in many places, and that is interesting, not simply to the bloated game-preserver, but to a large number of people of all shades of opinion—or what goes for such—who know nothing about a gun, but a good deal about currant jelly. There is a great deal of fine confused feeding about a hare, whether roasted or jugged, which possibly accounts for the mental confusion of many who delight in it, and do penance for their indulgence by inveighing against the Game-laws. That conduct is hare-brained enough, in the popular and erroneous sense of the word.

No; there is a good deal of madness about, in all conscience, but it is not to be looked for among the hares in the March fields and woods. They indulge in many swift and graceful eccentricities of exercise; but, after all, there is much method in their madness. For they are enjoying life, are troubled with no pessimism, worried or worrying with no fads, nor contemplating the possible calamities of autumn. The partridges, which, with happy coquettings and confidential murmurs, have been running along the furrows and under the hedge-banks, are their companions, and equally wise in their enjoyment of life, without affectation or envy. In which respect a large portion of humanity might do worse than imitate the March hare.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE appearances of Dr. Joachim at Mr. Manns's concerts have ever served as a signal for general rejoicings at Sydenham and a pretext for much superlative descriptions of the great violinist's performance. So it was with last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert, but we regret to be unable to join unreservedly the hymn of praise this time. First of all, the programme left much to be desired, and then the performance itself was not as irreproachable as one might have expected.

We have no wish to be ungracious to an artist so universally and deservedly admired as Dr. Joachim; but the long and short of it is that his "Elegiac Overture"—introduced out of compliment (!) to the composer—is as ugly and meaningless a piece of work as may be; and that the full enjoyment of Dr. Joachim's otherwise transcendent performance was sadly marred by a painfully incorrect intonation. Nor can it be said that the Violin Concerto in D by Brahms, the *pièce de résistance* of the concert, was a happily chosen item. The work contains beautiful themes and details of great loveliness; but to follow these in their *Ausarbeitung* requires so much concentration and such an effort that it is idle to pretend that an average listener can be sincerely interested in it at first hearing, or, indeed, get to like it at the tenth. The performer and the analyst find genuine satisfaction and ample reward in the study of a work so elaborate; but concerts are meant for the general public, and not for specialists; and when during the performance of a piece we see a part of the audience deep in newspapers, and some ladies actually busy with the *Strickstrumpf*, we know exactly what to infer. It was a relief to hear Dr. Joachim in Beethoven's Romanza in F, and for a few bars of that music we would willingly have given the whole score of Brahms's Concerto.

Is it not also about time that the analytical notices of the Crystal Palace programmes were somewhat improved in style? The technical part is always admirably done, and shows the hand of an expert; but it is interspersed with literary digressions here and there and flights of imagination which savour, to put it mildly, of childishness.

What, for instance, can be the meaning of the following?—"Not the least interesting characteristic of this composition [the Elegiac Overture] is the manifest kinship of its ideas,

which seem to spring from a mind actuated, indeed, by varied emotions and different impulses, but controlling all with a unity of purpose and marked individuality—a mind that, with a particular object in view, suffers this to colour each incident that precedes its accomplishment."

And what is the guarantee of such an assertion?—"Particularly is this the case in regard to the first movement [of the Violin Concerto], the predominating characteristic of which may be described as satisfaction—the satisfaction of a mind at ease with itself, and enjoying all around it, though not uncoloured by that earnest, we might almost say sombre, tone which is characteristic of the composer."

We very much doubt whether Brahms himself would recognize his work from such a description.

The vocalist of the Concert was Miss Florence Monteith, a charming artist whose pure soprano voice possesses that very rare quality, a sympathetic *timbre*. The lady is already favourably known to fame as an accomplished pianist, and this was her first appearance at the Crystal Palace Concerts in her new character. Miss Monteith's performance was such as to make one wish that more prominence were given in the programme to that most beautiful of all instruments—the human voice.

Mr. Manns's orchestra did splendid work, especially in Raff's *Lenore*, though we doubt whether Dr. Joachim has been ever better accompanied than he was in Brahms's Concerto. What is certain is that he has never heard a finer oboe than that opening the Adagio, and he is not likely to hear such a tone out of England.

PICTURES BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

THERE are few English artists of repute whose works are less known than those of William Dyce. Although he was an Academician his exhibited pictures were few and far between. He was much engaged in the decoration of churches and in designing stained glass. At his death, in 1864, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five, he left behind him a reputation for art of a character approaching that of the pre-Raphaelites, for profound musical knowledge, and for sensitive modesty. Like Gainsborough, of whom it used to be said that he only painted to be able to live to play the violin, it was remarked that Dyce's first object was mediæval church music; but even his books on the subject are scarce, though not so scarce as his pictures. A beautiful Madonna and Child belongs to the Queen, and was engraved by Vernon. Another, which has never been engraved, is in the collection of a member of the Royal Family, having been purchased at Christie's shortly after the artist's death. The exhibition of eight or nine examples at Manchester in 1887 was quite a revelation to lovers of good work. Most of them belonged to the late Mr. Brand, and at Christie's on Saturday no fewer than ten of very different degrees of merit were brought to the hammer. The most important of them, a Holy Family, was unfortunately left at the artist's death on the easel unfinished, and was bought by Mr. Brand at the sale of Dyce's remaining works. The head of the Blessed Virgin was sketched in and partially coloured, but the Child was beautifully finished, as were also most of the draperies and the landscape. This picture only fetched 57*l.* 15*s.* There is some hope that among the other pictures some were acquired by the nation. We have of late obtained examples of so many artists of the same period as Dyce that it seems almost odd not to be able to find one of his works in Trafalgar Square. The prices on Saturday were without exception exceedingly low, though the room was filled by a large assembly of spectators. Even a Hook, "The Boat," fetched only 50*l.*, and a Millais, "The School Teacher," a hundred guineas. It is much to be hoped that the authorities have taken advantage of this cheapness; and rumour had it that Mr. Agnew bought "Pegwell Bay" for the National Gallery. The price—535*l.* 10*s.*—was probably the only one which approached what the artist received from Mr. Brand. The picture itself was not the most favourable specimen of Dyce's work in the room; for, though the long shining sands, the frowning cliffs, and the sunset sky were all beautifully painted, the figures—various ladies in the crinolines of "October 5, 1858," of which the picture was described as a reminiscence—were more or less absurd.

The most important in many respects of the Dyces was the finished design, in oils, for the stained glass of the east

window of All Saints, Margaret Street. It was not included in the Catalogue, and was knocked down at his first bid to Mr. Agnew for the nominal sum of 31*l.* 10*s.* The design—which, we believe, was originally made for the late Mr. Beresford Hope—consisted, strictly speaking, of a series of small, carefully finished pictures in the most brilliant and harmonious colours. As a study in tint and tone, this work would be more instructive than one of the finished pictures, and we would gladly credit the rumour which destined it to the South Kensington Museum. This, we repeat, was the most interesting of the Dyces; but the prettiest was a lovely little landscape entitled "The Flight into Egypt." The figures were pleasing, but quite subordinate to the view, which had a look as if it had been studied on a Surrey common, and not in the hill country of Judea. This picture, which would have graced any collection, did not seem to find much favour with the buyers present, and went to Mr. Stewart for 39*l.* 18*s.* A small "Virgin and Child in a landscape" was also very cheap at 99*l.* 15*s.* It was not so decorative as the "Flight," but was also highly finished and delicately harmonized. The last three of the artist's pictures were of larger size. Two of them appeared at Manchester, the "Titian preparing to make the first essay in colours," and "St. John leading home his adopted Mother." The first of these represented a pretty little bright-eyed boy, who, as Ridolfi states, has drawn a figure of the Madonna from a statue, and is endeavouring to colour it by expressing the juices of flowers. A chair, of a most modern Tottenham Court Road design, goes far to spoil a fine picture, the landscape part of which, and especially the trees, are beyond praise. The "St. John" was, perhaps, Dyce's most ambitious, though not his most successful, work. In spite of the aloe and other botanical evidences to the contrary, the landscape is purely English; the figures, with their richly-coloured draperies, are very beautiful, and the expression most touching. This picture, which Mr. Agnew bought for 430*l.* 10*s.*, was painted as far back as 1844, but was only exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860. It was much admired at Manchester in 1887. The "Titian" was there too, as well as at the International Exhibition of 1862, and was at the Royal Academy in 1857. Mr. Vokins secured it for 441*l.* The last of the Dyces was not admired. It represented "King Lear and the Fool in the Storm." It was admirably painted and highly finished, but the subject was rendered in its most unpleasant aspect. Mr. Agnew obtained it for 210*l.* It is not likely that so many works of one artist, and that artist one who so rarely occurs as Dyce, will be seen together again, and we can only hope that this dispersal may mean the acquisition of a typical example of one of England's most original painters by the National Gallery.

THE THEATRES.

THE appearance of a new writer, or maker, of melodrama at the Adelphi must always bring with it some slight measure of hope that the traditions of that venerable art may be somewhat less crudely and mechanically fulfilled than has heretofore been the case. *The Cotton King*, Mr. Sutton Vane's first work of importance presented in London, produced at the Adelphi Theatre last Saturday night, can hardly be said to justify any such hope. Perhaps the suggested universal title for all melodrama, *Falsely Accused*, applies more strikingly in this case than in most others, since the hero is not the only person whom the villain charges with his own misdeeds. Richard Stockley is, after all, a quite unnecessarily villainous villain. He is scoundrel enough for half a dozen such plays; yet he is a very guileless sort of person after all, and, in ordinary life, his first three or four peccadilloes would have been found out and punished so effectually as to give him small chance of committing any more. That he should betray Elsie Kent is a most natural and appropriate thing for a person in his position, dramatically speaking; but no villain worthy of the name would have charged Jack Osborn with the despicable act in so clumsy a way. Moreover, only the veriest tiro in iniquity would have dreamed of putting the forged cable message on to Fonseca, have entrusted a drunken and disreputable mill-hand, in the employ of his own firm, with the making of the duplicate key, to receive letters implicating him in the detention of the hero in a lunatic asylum, or in doing a score of ridiculous things which may amuse a not too seriously inclined

audience for a few minutes, but must inevitably bore both scoffer and sympathizer if continued for more than an act or two. This is on the assumption that the author has not conceived the subtle idea that the gods have planned to bring about Stockley's downfall by making him frame his conduct as a professional villain on the lines of all the oldest and worst melodramas he could get hold of. The list of crimes includes one seduction, two incitements to murder, one forgery, one tampering with safe, theft and substitution of notes, one kidnapping and incarceration in lunatic asylum, and two attempted murders.

Mr. Edward O'Neill—an actor new, we believe, to the London stage—played this outrageous character indifferently well until the last act, when his rendering of the man's uneasiness, deepening into abject fear, was truthfully given. The comic relief is of the quality of comic relief in such cases, and the play is especially rich in its resort to the artful aid of soliloquy. Two pieces of declamation are theatrically effective, though one of them is inserted apparently for the purpose of giving Mr. Charles Warner, as the much-too-good-to-be-true hero, such a chance as other authors have been accustomed to give him by writing in Coupeau incidents and passages. As a piece of elocution it was very well. The other—much shorter; only a few lines, in fact—fell to the share of Miss Marion Terry, who invested it with a tender pathos far beyond the value of the words. Her whole performance as the heroine was graceful, womanly, and, moreover, marked by admirable restraint, considering the class of work she was doing; but, in spite of this, it was painful to see an actress, who has done such excellent service in the higher branches of her profession, practising the wooden arts of machine-made melodrama. Mr. Charles Cartwright—an actor of individuality and power—played the part of the drunken mill-hand with a breadth and strength not often found unaccompanied by rant. Taken by itself, the scene in which Shillingshaw drives Hetty from his house in an affected fit of rage lest he should be tempted to expose her to danger of infection, at the prompting of Stockley, is of considerable theatrical value; but Mr. Cartwright by his masterly depiction of conflicting emotions made it infinitely the most telling in the play. This would have been a fine piece of acting in any theatre and in any company. Since we must have a sensational scene with realistic details, Messrs. Gatti have provided us with an elaborate set—a calico-printing workshop with whirling wheels, endless bands, and a lift—and the author has given us a passage in which the heroine is thrown into the well of this last-named fearful machine; but we cannot help thinking that it would have been better to pay a little more attention to some of the other scenes, notably the garden in which it seems to be spring, summer, and autumn all at once, and to the improvement of the stage management. The author is to be congratulated upon having produced in De Fonseca a stage Jew who neither looks nor talks as though he ought to wear three hats and carry an old-clothes bag, or sport the arms of Lombardy.

Go Bang is a worthy successor to *Morocco Bound* and other productions by the same author and composer, Mr. "Adrian Ross" and Mr. Osmond Carr. The most attractive feature of the production at the Trafalgar Theatre on Saturday night was found in the dancing, singing, and acting of Miss Letty Lind. Of the quality of her dancing nothing can be said which is not already known. Into that branch of her art she introduced a clever touch of burlesque in *Morocco Bound*. That element she has now put, with bright humour, into her singing. Of her voice, as a singing medium, it can hardly be said that she has any. Nevertheless, in the "Di, Di" and "China Dolly" song she did so well that this defect was entirely forgotten; while in her imitations of other dancers, and especially in her travesty of Miss Cissie Loftus's imitation of herself, we were compelled to recognize that her skill in dancing has hitherto veiled a quaint and delicate touch of burlesque, even of comedy. With the "musical farcical comedy" it is impossible to deal as a coherent dramatic work, but we entertain high hopes of the future of English comic opera if Mr. Adrian Ross will consent to write such bright, neatly turned, humorous lyrics as are here found, for some form of work worthier of his easy and graceful pen. Barring some political allusions which might well be omitted, and some few vulgarisms which never ought to have been inserted, the little piece is amusing enough in its irresponsible way, and

is performed by a capable company of various gifts. Mr. Osmond Carr's music is full of pleasant melody, and fulfils the probable ambition of its composer in being absolutely appropriate to the piece.

FOR WANT OF PRECEDENTS.

[“To make the Government directly responsible he would himself move the new Address, as soon as all the amendments were disposed of and the present Address negatived.”—*The Leader of the House of Commons.*]

ERECT and dignified, serene and proud,
Even as some superior man whose hat,
Beneath the fists of an insulting crowd,
Has ta'en a shape too near akin to flat,
Sir W-ll-am stood; while at his side, uncowed
By vulgar kicks, his Christian colleagues sat.

“Yes! we admit,” he cried, “we quite admit
Our friends in sousing we have cracked our delf;
The Address for presentation is unfit;
We lay it, with composure, on the shelf;
And, since responsibility no whit
We shirk, I'll move the new Address myself.”

“A high resolve, and worthy of the man!”
We murmured, each to other, much impressed;
“’Twill be a moving sight”—but then began
To arise the question in each wondering breast,
“How will he do it? What will be his plan?
Since lack of precedent must be confessed.”

“Will H-re-t at the table take his place
And eat the pie with Ministerial airs,
Thumping the box that stands beside the mace,
Whereat the reverential stranger stares?
And will he don the scarlet and gold lace
That the brave Deputy-Lieutenant wears?”

And who will second the Address? It must
Be seconded no doubt; but whom to choose?
Some coat of democratic black, we trust,
Will flank that gorgeous uniform; but whose?
Who will be seconder? M-rl-y the Just,
With or without the “ribbons in his shoes”?

And then will Mr. B-l-f-r rise, we ask,
And say, as well he may, with vastly more
Of literal truth behind convention's mask
Than ever yet that formal tribute bore,
That he has never known *this* delicate task
“Performed with such ability before”!

And O! by Jove! will then the Leader move
That other virtual vote of thanks that waits
These young performers? Will his vision rove
Prophetic between this and future dates,
While he predicts that he himself will prove
“An acquisition, sir, to our debates”?

Alas! we know not! Who would dare affirm
As naturalist, who venture to declare
What movement best befits the severed worm,
With head divorced from tail, that wriggles there—
With what precise formalities of squirm
The half-scotched snake should struggle to its lair?

And we must own that in the woful plight
That frets this shaken, battered, shattered set,
And seeing that their Chief presents a sight
No other Minister e'er offered yet,
It is but reason that the wretched wight
Should settle his own code of etiquette.

REVIEWS.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH'S HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.—VOL. V.

A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation. By M. Creighton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Vol. V. *The German Revolt, 1517-1527.* London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

THE Bishop of Peterborough will not suspect us of any intention in the way of a left-handed compliment, if we assert that neither picturesqueness of style nor minuteness of research

was among the qualities pre-eminently called for in the present section of his important work. And this, although the volume opens with a survey of the Humanistic movement in Germany, and ends with a narrative of the sack of Rome. As to research, discretion in the use of original authorities is at times quite as distinctive of the true historian as is abundance in the knowledge of them. Indeed, we may even own a wish that a greater number of eminent historical writers of the present day possessed the moral courage of the late Professor Hermann Baumgarten—to whose luminous account of the policy of the earlier part of the reign of Charles V. Dr. Creighton shows himself no stranger—and were prepared to write an original work without having personally collected the “archivistic materials” to be used in its composition. Nothing, for instance, would have been more futile than for the Bishop of Peterborough, who has so much else to do in his historical province, as well as (presumably) in other spheres of action, to attempt to write *de novo* the history of the German Renaissance. He has judged wisely in refraining from such attempt, and frankly owns his indebtedness, in his introductory chapter, to Professor L. Geiger’s excellent compendium, by the side of which the late Mr. Charles Beard’s *Martin Luther and the Reformation in Germany* perhaps deserved a less passing tribute to its treatment of this as well as of subsequent portions of its theme. He acknowledges the use made by himself of Böcking’s great collective commentary on the works of Ulrich von Hutten, as well as of divers books by other scholars, partaking more or less of the nature of monographs—Strauss, Kampschulte, Geiger *encore*, and others. But his own summary, besides being adequate in itself and well adapted to its immediate purpose, is anything but deficient in directness. Apart from the circumstance that his excellent account of the *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum* shows an intimate acquaintance with a book which, like others of its stamp, is, in Goethe’s phrase, a good deal more praised than read, we notice in this chapter a praiseworthy determination not to carry the process of generalization too far; so that the occasional Pagan and—shall we say?—“Aretine” tints of German humanism are not overlooked among its earlier religious and later revolutionary tendencies. Possibly the attention of the reader might have been more specially directed to the part taken in the educational movement of the German Renaissance by Elsass and the adjoining regions; and in the same connexion ampler illustration might have emphasized the fact that in Germany “the new studies enlarged the scope of previous knowledge, and afforded means for more intelligent advance” in almost every field of study or research—including History, Geography, and the Mathematical Disciplines—open to the age. As when a frost falls upon the general spontaneous verdure of an early spring, so in the judgment of many scholars of Erasmus’s later way of thinking, but guiltless of his earlier share in the attack, the Lutheran movement proper merely stayed the progress of true culture (“*ruhige Bildung*”).

As to mere manner, Dr. Creighton’s occasional touches (such as the allusion in his concluding chapter to the tenderness of the Romans, when at the very height of their peril, for “their beautiful bridges”) will no doubt to some minds suggest so many lost opportunities of epical expansion; while he even abstains from indulging, except now and then, in those epigrammatic sallies (ever so slightly cynical in their wit) of which he has learnt the art from the Florentine masters. What could be better in its way than the remark that “Luther would never have been the leader of a great rebellion if he had known whither he was tending”; or more acute than the sarcasm, deduced from experience, that “no man is so certain as he who draws a fine distinction, because it is practically necessary”? Again, we doubt whether any arrangement of the historian’s materials could have more effectively marked the tragic contrast between the brief splendours of the Roman Renaissance—which, in truth, were far briefer than is sometimes supposed—and the desolation after the capture of the city than his summary, following upon the account of Leo’s sudden death, of the glories of his pontificate. And, while this review is striking, it is at the same time explanatory, and reveals the hollowness of much of the splendour (together with the coarseness of some of the luxury) which delighted Roscoe’s sympathetic soul; the collapse of the Clementine régime could not have been so complete had the success of the Leonine been more real. Pope Leo X. made Rome the real capital of Italy; but his political power was small, although he ruined half the College of Cardinals and irredeemably “mortgaged” the Papacy. Between the reigns of the two Medici Popes comes the pathetic episode, as to Dr. Creighton’s judgment of which we shall have a further word to say, of Adrian VI.’s eighteen months’ reign—like a head stretched forth in vain to arrest the revolutions of the wheel.

But style and method of treatment are in this History alike

kept subordinate to its purpose, of which the reader, in his turn, may be fairly asked not to lose sight. The design of the Bishop of Peterborough was not, like that of the late Mr. Beard, for instance, to tell the story of the Protestant Reformation as “the substitution of one series of conceptions of Christianity for another”; nor has he in his present volume sought to penetrate into the core, as it may be called, of Martin Luther’s theology, or to discuss its connexion, concerning which we venture to think the last word has as yet by no means been said, with earlier “heresies.” Dr. Creighton’s theme is not either Renaissance or Reformation, but the Papacy, and the effects exercised upon that institution under its shifting variety of aspects by successive spiritual movements and political changes, of which some were not controlled by its authority, while others were barely affected by its attitude of co-operation or resistance. Our present limits forbid any comparison between the process by which Dr. Creighton and those by which Ranke and other historians have accomplished the task before them. But, confining ourselves to its broader issues, we can recall no other historical work in which these are stated with the same lucidity and brought home with equal force.

The fatal mistake of the Curia lay, in a word, in driving Luther into an internecine quarrel with the principle of Papal authority and in doing this consistently and from the very first. This mistake had many contributory causes. One of these was the lack of sufficient information, or a contemptuous disregard of the necessity for obtaining it. Luther’s individuality was not taken into account, and it proved to be a most singularly remarkable one—almost blind at times to the logical consequences of opinions already promulgated by him, and then again ready to accept these consequences, and to base upon them further announcements amounting to another burning of bridges. Thus, at the Conciliar stage of the development of the problem, where generations of reformers had halted, he hardly set up his rest at all. Another consideration, though one of less importance, neglected by the advisers of the Pope, was the degree in which the conduct of Luther’s territorial prince, Frederick the Wise, would be influenced by his pride in his University, and by his determination to allow full play to the activity of its theological school. (We may direct special attention to Dr. Creighton’s observations on this head, and on the general motives of Frederick’s religious policy, which are founded on evidence probably new to most English readers.) More blameworthy was the blindness to the strength of German national feeling which such a proceeding as the excommunication of Luther was certain to arouse, and of which the excitement (literary as in essence it was or may have seemed to be) provoked by the treatment of Reuchlin might have furnished a useful warning. It was no merit of the Popes (save Adrian VI.) who followed on Leo X. that the Conciliar idea was not, by a bold opportunism which would have transformed the character of the Empire, identified with the national aspirations after religious independence. Lastly, the Papal Government may be said to have fallen a victim to the ill-fortune of many Governments before and since, of having its hand forced by its subordinate agents. The question on which Luther first gave public expression to opinions of his own—namely, the question of Indulgences—was, as Dr. Creighton sufficiently shows, regarded as open to discussion on its doctrinal side; so much so that, five years later, Pope Adrian VI. seems to have actually “proposed a definition of Indulgences which should emphasize the necessity of a contrite heart in the recipient.” (See, however, Dr. Creighton’s note as to the uncertainty surrounding the account of this proposal, and of the objections taken to it by Cardinal Cajetan.) But while, even in the very first reply to Luther’s theses, which was written for Tetzel by Wimpina, the argument as to the essential requisites in repentance was supplemented by an appeal to the defining power belonging to the Pope, the book written against him with a light heart, though with a scholastic pen, by the Dominican Prierias was entirely directed to the latter issue. Luther, in his answer, at once followed his opponent’s example in carrying the dispute to fundamentals; and on his being cited to Rome, Prierias was actually appointed one of the Commissioners to judge his case. Eck afterwards followed suit, and was in his turn entrusted with the publication of the Bull, whereby it was attempted to silence Luther’s protest against a position which at first he had not so much as called into question. Even the endeavours of Miltitz, which alone called forth any reciprocal effort on Luther’s part, were frustrated by the ruthless logic of the Papal controversialists. Perhaps, by the way, it might have been possible in the present History to furnish rather more definite information as to Miltitz’s “instructions.”

While thus urged, not so much against its will as without any sufficient exercise of its judgment, into a conflict of incalculable

dimensions, the Papacy in the age of Leo X. was, as has already been said, politically as impotent as in the dark days of the next Medici Pope all Christendom was to know it to be. The clearest proof of this is the utter breakdown of the Papal attempt to influence the Imperial election of 1519. So many modern historians (including Mignet, whose admirably clear exposition of the growth of the rivalry between Charles and Francis does not appear to have attracted the Bishop's notice) have, however, thrown light upon this subject, that we need not dwell on Dr. Creighton's references to it, instructive as they are from his point of view as the historian of the Reformation Papacy. We advert, instead, to a chapter of this volume which we have read with special interest, although (if we may confess it) not without a certain disappointment. Perhaps those Italian literary sympathies to which we owe some of the most effective of Dr. Creighton's earlier Papal portraits—we are thinking, for instance, of Pius II., for whom he evidently entertained a kindly sentiment, hardly, however, amounting to a very deep respect—unconsciously biased his judgment of a Pontiff who was certainly the reverse of the delight of any section of the Roman people; while there is weight in the censure which he authoritatively pronounces, that Adrian VI. was less of a bishop than of a monk. Of this unfortunate Pope's want of ordinary adroitness in the management of the official world with which he suddenly found himself face to face there can be no doubt; nor of a certain pettiness or pedantry for which both his professional life at Louvain and his tenure of the office of Inquisitor-General in Spain may be held proportionately accountable. But it seems to us hard, in reference to his ecclesiastical policy and proceedings (to which our present remarks are confined), to stigmatize him as one who "was more anxious to keep clear from doing evil than to do good," and whose "attitude was negative rather than positive." It remains incontestable that this Pope, painfully slow as may have been his processes of thought, and clumsily as he may have laboured to give expression to them in acts, was the true father of the great spiritual movement of the Counter-Reformation; which thus connects itself directly with that great Conservative reform of which Adrian, as the pupil of the Brethren of the Common Life, was the inheritor. The reforms proposed by Campeggio at Ratisbon in 1524 were only echoes of the dead Pope's intentions; and (which is perhaps more to the point) Dr. Creighton himself allows that, "had Adrian lived long enough to disentangle himself from the political web in which he was enclosed," a Council for discussing the affairs of Germany "might have been held, before the religious antagonism had become too pronounced." Old men, we know, are apt to overcalculate their strength; and Adrian was no true favourite of fortune, although he had risen from humble estate to wear the Triple Crown. The Bishop, with his usual candour, reminds us that ill luck deprived posterity of most of the materials for judging of Adrian VI.'s actual aims; for his papers were taken away from Rome in wrath by one of his Flemish secretaries, Dietrich Hezius.

Among the minor excellences of this History is its accuracy of detail; although in truth there is without this quality no such thing as historical scholarship. "John Frederick" on p. 156 is, we suppose, a mere slip for "Frederick"; and "Spier" on p. 8 an accidental hybrid between "Speier" and "Spires." But we must protest against the spelling "*Lanzknechte*" as both obsolete and delusive, although in its origin comparatively modern. The *Landsknechte* were the soldiery from the open country and the towns, in contradistinction to the Swiss from the mountains, and the expressions "*Oberländische*" (Swabian) and "*Niederländische Knechte*" both appear. The Bishop has possibly been misled by the spelling "*Lanzschinette*" in the *Diary of Blasius de Martinellis*, one of the pieces printed in his interesting Appendix, to which we have left ourselves no space for referring.

NOVELS.

The Recipe for Diamonds. By C. I. Catcliffe Hynes. London: William Heinemann. 1894.

The Queen against Owen. By Allen Upward. London: Chatto & Windus. 1894.

A Ward in Chancery. By Mrs. Alexander. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1894.

The Romance of Shire Mote. By Percy Hulburd. London: Bentley & Son. 1894.

Maria, Countess of Saleto. Translated from the Italian of E. Ardi by Sydney King. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1894.

THE *Recipe for Diamonds* is a capital story, fresh, exciting, and original. All the characters are good, all the scenes are lively, the interest goes forward at a gallop from the

first chapter to the last, and the action shifts from the Norwegian Fjords, through Italy to the Balearic Isles, where the author appears to be thoroughly at home. The hero and narrator is scrambling for a livelihood, when at Genoa he comes across an unprotected Englishman who has a mania for picking up old books. They buy a venerable little volume at a bookstall, and, adjourning to a café, investigate the contents. The penniless intermediary discovers to his surprise that it contains a startling secret—nothing less than old Raymond Lully's recipe for changing carbon into priceless diamonds. The alchemist's diary indicates the place where he has confided his discovery to the imperishable cement in the caverned interior of one of the Majorcan talayots, and, moreover, in the soil beneath he has deposited an urnful of specimens of his art. After some hesitation the broker honestly discloses all to his principal, who shabbily tries to leave him in the lurch, and in fact gives him the slip, taking train and boat for Majorca. His resentful victim finds a congenial partner in the nick of time—the owner of a small craft lying in the harbour. She is ill found and worse fitted; the pumps are kept perpetually going; the tattered sails are split in a storm, but by a miracle of Providence they reach their destination, and just in time to anticipate the enemy. They find the talayot, and penetrate the interior, only to learn that they have been anticipated, and within a day or two. A chance gives them a hint as to the rival who has destroyed the cement after photographing the inscription. He was a blind polyglot German, who had overheard the conversation in the café, and subsequently, by a clever affectation of simplicity, had humbugged one of the cutest of cosmopolitan adventurers. The advanced Anarchist and the little Englishman, who originally provided the lire to buy the book, with a remarkably clever woman who goes partner with the blind German, all cut into this round game of diamond cut diamond. It is a race on the one side to place the photographic negatives in security; on the other, to capture them at all hazards. It is literally a race carried on by rail and in rickety vehicles over the rough insular roads. The pursuers run into the pursued just as escape seems certain, and the business ends pleasantly in a drawn match, though we shall not anticipate the interest by indicating the solution. But the adversaries who have respectfully recognized each other's powers bear each other no sort of ill will, but, on the contrary, bowing gracefully to the inevitable, they separate the best of friends. It is true that the more legitimate proprietors of the potentialities of untold wealth have been consoled by making prize of the buried treasure, which places them beyond the reach of penury.

The Queen against Owen is, of course, the romance of a mysterious crime. A beautiful young woman falls under suspicion of the foul murder of the wealthy benefactress with whom she lives. Though the evidence is purely circumstantial, it seems at first sight so strong that no magistrate could fail to commit. The sole point telling in Miss Owen's favour is that the crime would be one of unparalleled atrocity, and that hitherto she has borne an unblemished character. Perhaps the only people believing in her innocence are the barrister who conducts the case for the Crown and his learned but eccentric brother who holds a brief for the defence. One and the other are passionately in love with the young lady, which leads the prosecutor to throw over the Crown, and the other, for more inscrutable motives, to play false to his fair client. Though the story is sensational enough, it not unfrequently drags; for the author describes and explains all the legal proceedings in detail, and verbally reproduces the speeches and the examinations. In developing it, among the inevitable improbabilities, which are tolerably well carried off, there is at least one which is incredible and impossible. Much is made of the assumed cutting up of the body, which must have flooded the bedchamber with blood and ruined the carpet, and yet no spot of blood was to be seen, save a fleck or two on a door-handle. And we venture to say that any novel-reader of experience and ordinary penetration will have no hesitation in naming the actual culprit before getting beyond the middle of the volume.

Mrs. Alexander has had much experience in novel-writing, and this production is a marvel of economy of flimsy material. There is literally nothing in it; and though frugality may be a virtue, it is possible to carry it so far as to defeat its purpose when wares are to be vended in open market. The Ward in Chancery is a penniless girl who is suddenly enriched. She is domesticated in uncongenial surroundings, from which she emancipates herself as speedily as possible; for she certainly displays some strength of character when she comes to realize the power of money. She is petted by an overbearing old lady of title; she extends her own patronage to a pretty school-friend; she is made love to by one man for her money, and she falls in

love with another who loves her for herself, but who dissembles his affection to the very end of the story. The situation is so transparent, and the *dénouement* so obvious, that there is no getting up any interest in the by-play of cross purposes. More might have been made of her, and of her acquaintances and *protégées*, had she been plunged back into poverty in decent time; but the impending ruin which we foreboded and expected all along is likewise deferred to the closing chapter. Unquestionably it assures the impoverished heiress of the disinterestedness of her adorer, but neither we nor she had any reason to doubt that.

As for *The Romance of Shire Mote*, it goes to the opposite extreme, being crammed with matter, crowded with characters, and overweighted with incidents. The conduct of everybody is apparently regulated by the rule of contraries, and they invariably do the very last thing we should expect. Some are vulgar and indescribably mean; but generally nobility, self-sacrifice, and generosity predominate. Fortunes are resigned with scarce a sigh or regret, and heavy cheques are drawn at sight with lavish and indiscriminate liberality. The gentleman who plays the *premier rôle* is a standing puzzle and psychological enigma. He is presented to us with the very doubtful credentials of having saved himself from a Russian gibbet or Siberia by betraying his fellow-Nihilists in contempt of his solemn oath. He threatens his more than half-crazed old father, bullies the girl he professes to love, and, priding himself on his indomitable strength of will, swears that she shall fulfil her destiny of being his wife. Yet, without the indication of any change of character, or without giving signs of some sudden conversion, he rises to rare heights of magnanimity; opening a banking account, among minor matters, for a detested rival; and is seasonably and dramatically removed out of everybody's way when the romance is culminating in sinister tragedy. Were we to sum up our criticisms alliteratively in three words, they would be—Blood, blue-fire, and bathos.

The Countess of Saletto is clever but prolix. The writer, in his desire to be conscientiously exact, leaves nothing to the imagination; scenes of very similar character drag out to wearisome length, and the somewhat monotonous dialogues almost repeat themselves. Yet the book is worth reading, not only for the lively story, but as a graphic and apparently faithful picture of the Florentine society of some thirty years ago. The fashionable world is much the same everywhere in its human blending of virtues and frailties with certain vices and follies of which it makes a *spécialité*. Signor Ardib leads us to infer that on the beautiful Arno the dominating characteristics are well-bred indifference to the moralities, a convenient assumption of blindness, and catholic toleration. In the small city the members of the historical or wealthy houses are as familiar figures with their fellow-citizens of all ranks as the former Premier Ricasoli or the statue of the great Cosmo. But they go about their pleasures or dissipations as openly as the merchants go about their business, and no one is supposed to think a whit the worse of them. They flirt in the Cascine with ladies of the lightest virtue, who call at the club of the nobles and send their cards upstairs by the groom of the chambers. The Dowager-Countess of Saletto in her relations as a wife had, as Rebecca said of Rawdon Crawley, the worst possible reputation, yet she receives everybody who goes anywhere, and lives in the intimacy of ladies of saintly reputation. But, indeed, the ladies in Florence seem to have a bad time of it after marriage, and if they go astray, we should be inclined to say—small blame to them. The husbands, when they are not henpecked, are represented as cruelly if not coarsely brutal of speech, and they show as little regard for delicate feminine feelings as for those of the brute creation. Wife-beating, by the way, seems not unfrequent in the upper middle classes. Maria, Countess of Saletto, daughter-in-law of the dowager, fares as badly as any woman, though in the end she wins back the affections of a selfish and graceless spouse by a most unaccountably sudden and inartistic conversion. For though extremely handsome, she is very far from clever, and has the unpardonable failing of being a tasteless dresser. *A propos* of henpecking, there is pleasant comedy in the story of how the clever and strong-willed Duchess Belfiore extricated the husband with whom she was passionately in love from the snares of a heartless siren who was trading on his weakness and vanity. Signor Ardib, perhaps, knows his public, for novel-writers in Italy are few and far between; but we are persuaded that any publishers in England would have entreated him to suppress and condense.

CATALOGUE OF THE ROMANCES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Catalogue of the Romances in the Department of MSS. at the British Museum. By H. L. D. Ward. London: British Museum; Longmans & Co.; Quaritch; Asher; Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.; Oxford: University Press.

ALTHOUGH we know and acknowledge the wisdom of the injunction to call no man happy, yet have we frequently felt tempted—eluding the prohibition to a certain extent—to call Mr. H. L. D. Ward of the British Museum the happiest man in England. Ministries rise and fall; influenza comes and does not go; the British climate passes through its variations from more intolerable to less, and from less intolerable to more; good men die and upstarts and pretenders flourish; there are booms and crashes, there are books which go through scores of editions when their literary value might be sufficiently represented by the legal circulation of five copies, and there are authors who never get time, or atmosphere, or means to write the books that are in them. Meanwhile Mr. Ward sits in the recesses of Great Russell Street and reads all the romances in the world, and then more romances. The first volume of this really admirable Catalogue (to which we hardly know a superior of its kind) was published eleven years ago, and must itself have represented years of reading. The second appears now, and may be justly supposed to have occupied the interval. It is all very well to talk about pastrycooks' boys—a romance is not a raspberry-tart, and of reading mediæval literature cometh no satiety whatever. And this occupation, which to others of us who love it is a rare pastime conditioned by want of time, by want of means, by want of access to the books, is Mr. Ward's lot in life. A grateful, and in this instance quite intelligent, nation pays him to perform it; provides him with all the books; does not hurry him; buys fresh things (not too lavishly, perhaps, but still buys them) to fill up the cistern of unexpended matter as fast as he taps it; prints his work for him when it is done; commends him (by the mouths of us unworthy) for doing it, and some day or other may possibly make him a C.B., or something of that sort. It is as if there were national endowments for making love or tasting the best wine, and deserving incumbents had the chance of being made "C.V." or "K.B." at the end of their agreeable labours. They talk (after Mr. Gray) of reading eternal romances of Marivaux and Crébillon. Neither, especially Marivaux, was a contemptible author; but an eternity of either or both would bore one to extinction. The unusual variety and the almost unvarying charm of mediæval romance make boredom, except in persons congenitally unfitted for its enjoyment, impossible.

Mr. Ward's present volume has not the outward unity of his former one, which confined itself to, and was fully occupied with, the huge cycles of French and English romance dealing either with the French centre of Charlemagne, with the British centre of Arthur, or with the classical traditions of Alexander, Troy, and the rest. The extraordinary abundance of the chiefly French literature on these subjects necessitated the devotion of a whole volume to them. This present has a more miscellaneous contents-table:—Northern Legends and Tales; Eastern Ditto; Æsopic Fables; Reynard the Fox (who very properly has a section to his respectable self); Visions of Heaven and Hell, with a full subsection for the Voyage of St. Brendan; Pilgrimages of the allegorical kind, especially that famous one of Deguileville which is thought to have inspired Bunyan; and, lastly, the Miracles of the Virgin. Few people who have a pretty intimate acquaintance with mediæval literature would have any difficulty before seeing the paging in guessing which of these sections are the longest. The enormous popularity and constant variations on such Eastern stories as "Barlaam and Josaphat," or as the Syntipas-Seven-Sage-Dolopathos group on the one hand, the unanimous devotion to Our Lady on the other, determine the question in favour of the second and last heads, which, as a matter of fact, occupy more than three hundred and twenty pages, or all but half the book.

To some readers, however, there will be most interest in the first section, though the British Museum does not, perhaps, show its very strongest side in its Northern Collection. For the volume opens with the unique and priceless MS. of *Beowulf*, which has the multifold interest of its unicity; of the escape of the manuscript "so as by fire" (the marks of which are on it) from the conflagration at Ashburnham House in 1731; and of its still having a fair pretension, despite all the prattles and prabbles of scholars, to be the very oldest poem in any modern European language—a monument of English hundreds of years older than the first literary stammerings of the Romance tongues that we have, and probably much the senior of any Teutonic literature. In Old German the Museum seems to be unex-

pectedly poor, a mere scrap of the Nibelungenlied and one or two *romans d'aventures* summing up the whole. But Mr. Ward is able to devote substantial and very interesting articles to our MSS. of the Edda, Elder and Younger, and to the lesser Norse and Danish Sagas and Ballads. His general note on the history and growth of the present large and interesting stock of Danish *Folkeviser* is a good example of that mixed biographical and bibliographical study which is of the very greatest value when properly done, and of which no one knows the difficulty till he tries to do it. This is followed by a brief *catalogue raisonné* of the ballads themselves, which, compressed as it necessarily is, gives for that very reason an excellent conspectus of the general motives and character of these ballads, the interesting coincidences in which with our own have been so fully worked out by Professor Child in his great book. Many attractive things of the same kind will be found in the Saga articles, such as the story of the death of Oddr the Archer, which is practically identical with that of the robustious Sir Robert Shurland in Barham's legend of "Grey Dolphin," as well as that of Oleg the Russian in the historic page.

The second section deals with the immense and bewilderingly intertwined collections of Eastern fable, apologue, and allegory referred to above. Mr. Ward has had even greater scope for showing his faculty of including what is necessary and leaving out what is unnecessary here, and he has taken advantage of it. Perhaps he has put the origin of "Barlaam and Josaphat" a little too sweepingly when he says that it is nothing but an adaptation by a Christian monk of the legendary Life of Buddha. That Buddha traditions had a good say in it, nobody will doubt. But the disposition now and for some years past to see all things in Buddhism is nearly as tiresome as that which preceded it to see all things in mythology. To the true man of letters, to the true historical critic, these wholesale attributions are as distasteful as they are shortlived. But whether that very wearisome person Sakya-Muni or Siddhartha or Gautama (blessed be the tiger that ate him, though all too inefficiently!) had much or little to do with "Barlaam and Josaphat," it is certain that this, in the first place, pious and religious story, by dint of the anecdotes contained in it, as well as the other collections referred to, had an enormously stimulating effect on the imagination of the Middle Ages. In point of form nothing so much as they in all probability determined that fancy for digressions, episodes, tales-within-tales which is so noteworthy in later literature; and a vast number of motives and stories found their way from these and other sources into the masterpieces of modern poetry and prose or into the general body of popular stories. Thus in "Barlaam and Josaphat" is to be found the "casket" test of the *Merchant of Venice*; in *Kalila and Dimna* the Gelert story; in *Syntipas* the Three Wishes; in the *Seven Wise Men* more than one of the famous tales of Hypocritas and Virgil; in *Dolopathos* the flesh-wager of the Shakspearian play just quoted. Nor are the *Disciplina Clericalis* and its French redaction, the *Castoiment d'un père*, less fruitful. No doubt the interest of these things is partly hidden from those who do not know the various forms of the originals. But what makes Mr. Ward's book so very attractive to those who do know these forms is that here they have their contents held up in comparative view by a man who has no theory to serve in discussing them. If one reads a separate and elaborate edition of the *Seven Sages*, or the *Dolopathos*, the *Golden Legend*, or the *Castoiment*, it is ten to one but the editor has some particular axe to grind, some old theory to destroy or some new one to set up as to their date, their relation to each other, their origin, and all the other sickening things with which the average man will hamper and spoil the simple and intelligent enjoyment of literature as literature. Mr. Ward has none such; and so his book, though, of course, it has no room for lengthy extract, is a sort of general companion to the texts themselves. We have sometimes thought that he would be a benevolent and intelligent despot who should give by law a premium of so much for every hundred lines of verse or prose in old literature not already freely accessible, another of twice as much for all editorial matter purely ancillary to the appreciation of the text, and a fine of ten times as much for every page of theorizing about origins and authorship, philology and prosody, age and date.

We have left ourselves only too little room to speak of the rest of the book. The section on the *Æsopic Fables* is extremely full and interesting, and no better example of Mr. Ward's sane and scholarly fashion of abstracting and decocting reams and volumes of conjecture can be found than his note on that almost central and most interesting figure in this branch of literature, the "Anonymus Neveleti" or "Walter the Englishman," who was the author of a universally popular elegiac version of the *Phædrus-Romulus* fables in prose. Although the Museum con-

tains only a single MS. of the *Roman de Renart*, Mr. Ward has very properly given a careful and, for ordinary purposes, almost sufficient analysis of the facts and fancies about that famous Beast-Epic—an analysis with which those who have most carefully studied the subject will find the least fault. The "Visions of Heaven and Hell," the "Voyage of St. Brendan," the "Pilgrimages" and the "Miracles" of the Virgin, form a group of subjects almost as closely connected as the *Æsopic Fables* and the Beast-Epic. They are all richly represented, and all well discussed. The Miracles of the Virgin, at least in their most uniform and finished dramatic state, are well known from the edition of the *Société des Anciens Textes Français*. It would be a noble deed if some one would collect and publish a new *corpus* of the *Visions*, not excluding St. Brendan and the Pilgrimages, which have the closest possible connexion, either including or excluding those which, like the passage in Baudouin de Sebourg, are mere episodes of other books.

To the arrangement of Mr. Ward's book we have but one objection to make—or, rather, but one suggestion to offer. It would be better if, in the page headings, instead of giving the same general title on both sides, the particular poem, or romance, or MS. under discussion were indicated on the right-hand top. "Eastern Legends and Tales—Seven Sages of Rome," and "Eastern Legends and Tales—Dolopathos," would sometimes be a very welcome substitution for the mere repetition of the class name. For the rest, Mr. Ward is quite a model summarizer. He does not often express an opinion, and is very kind to even the most hardened sinners (such as Mr. Jacobs) who delight in the conjectural switchback and the identification razzle-dazzle. But where he has a rectification of fact to make he does not spare it. Thus, on p. 139, he points out that M. Paul Meyer has been good enough to insert a note in one volume saying that a certain version of "Barlaam and Josaphat" is "identical" with another. "The phrase 'identique' is a little too strong. Not only is the end left slightly incomplete, but there are a few verbal changes, mostly for the sake of abridgment, throughout the romance." Not a great lapse, certainly. But those who remember the unsparing fashion in which M. Paul Meyer himself is wont to comment on students of his particular subject who, in his opinion, do the work negligently, may chuckle gently at his being caught tripping in this fashion.

LOCKYER'S DAWN OF ASTRONOMY.

The Dawn of Astronomy: a Study of the Temple-worship and Mythology of the Ancient Egyptians. By J. Norman Lockyer. London: Cassell & Co. 1894.

THE book before us is highly suggestive, but only to a limited extent conclusive. Not through any vagueness or uncertainty in the mind of its author. His ideas are definite enough; what is wanting to them is a more thorough comparison with facts. They are still more or less in the air, and, indeed, only a provisional value is claimed for them. Their verification, however, owing to their far-reaching nature and effective novelty, will be a long and laborious process. We say advisedly their *effective* novelty, because they had actually been anticipated. M. Nissen, a German savant, published between 1873 and 1887 a series of papers on the astronomical relations of ancient temples belonging to all ages and many nations, as well as of Christian churches. But they remained buried in the erudite pages of the *Rheinisches Museum für Philologie* until Professor Norman Lockyer, in 1890, entered independently upon the same line of research. He chose Egypt as the scene of his inquiries. For there alone the necessary data were available; and there, if anywhere, recourse was of old had to the heavenly bodies in laying down the lines of sacred edifices. It is true that the French and Prussian measurements of these buildings, executed in 1798 and 1844 respectively, are much too loose to form a safe groundwork for definitive conclusions; they supply merely intimations of possible, or probable, coincidences. It remains to be seen whether these can be substantiated. Meantime the hypotheses here put forward, and supported by highly ingenious reasonings, cannot be either lightly dismissed or carelessly admitted. The strict verification which they demand seems likely, moreover, to start a fresh archaeological development of quite peculiar interest. They have a value, then, independent of their truth.

That astronomical considerations were largely influential upon the architecture of the Nile Valley cannot reasonably be denied. The late Mr. Proctor showed that the Great Pyramid was not only a tomb, but a meridian observatory as well, its orientation due east and west being secured by careful and continuous references to the pole-star of four thousand years ago, a Draconis,

In laying temple-foundations, too, the heavens were undoubtedly consulted. Many inscriptions describe the ceremony of "stretching the cord" destined to serve the builders for guidance in a direction prescribed by the positions of particular stars. The structures themselves are compared by our author to a "horizontal telescope." They were evidently adapted each for the observation of some rising or setting luminary. From the sanctuary, to and through the furthest court, a path lay ready to be traversed by its rays—a path guarded by rows of pylons, by long files of sphinxes, obelisks, or statues, but never, while the building retained its vital functions, blocked or interrupted. Temple-axes were then presumably designed to be "enfiladed" periodically by level beams from the sky-verge. The occurrence seems to have usually marked the opening of an annual festival, celebrated in honour of some life-giving divinity, or as a propitiation of the powers of darkness, according as a rising or a setting object was in question.

A great number of Egyptian temples were built so as to face the sun at some point of its course. These solar fanes may be divided into three classes—those lit up at the equinoxes, those lit up at the summer or winter solstice, and those lit up at intermediate times. The last kind, like the Parthenon at Athens, were probably arranged so as to catch the first emergent beams on the mornings of their particular feast-days. And M. Nissen tells us that the same plan was followed in the construction of many early-Christian churches. The rising sun on June 24, for instance, shone straight through the eastern windows of churches dedicated to St. John the Baptist; those under the invocation of St. Bartholomew were similarly irradiated on August 28, and so on. The grand structure at Karnak belongs to the solstitial category.

"This temple of Amen-Ra [Professor Lockyer remarks] is beyond all question the most majestic ruin in the world. There is a sort of stone avenue in the centre, giving a view towards the north-west, and this axis is something like five hundred yards in length. The whole object of the builder of the great temple at Karnak—one of the most soul-stirring temples which have ever been conceived or built by man—was to preserve that axis absolutely open; and all the wonderful halls of columns and the like, as seen on one side or other of the axis, are merely details; the point being that the axis should be absolutely open, straight, and true. The axis was directed towards the hills on the west side of the Nile, in which are the tombs of the kings. From the external pylon the south-eastern outlook through the ruins shows the whole length of the temple, and we see at the very extremity of the central line a gateway nearly six hundred yards away. This belonged to a temple pointing towards the south-east. There were really two temples in the same line, back to back, the chief one facing the sunset at the summer solstice, the other probably the sunrise at the winter solstice. The distance which separates the outside entrances of both these temples is greater than that from Pall Mall to Piccadilly; the great temple covers about twice the area covered by St. Peter's at Rome, so that the whole structure was of a vastness absolutely unapproached in the modern ecclesiastical world."

Direct sunlight, however, now never visits the ancient sanctuary of Amen-Ra, which fronts the horizon a full degree north of the sun's setting-place on Midsummer Day. This discrepancy would seem at first sight fatal to the orientation theory; but Professor Lockyer reminds us that the obliquity of the ecliptic varies slowly over a narrow range, and that, in fact, the sun's course, five thousand six hundred years ago, made an angle with the earth's equator, not as now of $23^{\circ} 7'$, but of $24^{\circ} 18'$. On the longest day of the year 3700 B.C., accordingly, his last rays could have struck the mouth of the god at Karnak, and to that date our author refers the foundation of the temple. The prehistoric foundation, that is to say; for the existing building is historically ascertained to have been in the main erected under Thothmes III., about 1600 B.C. He himself then determined the lie of its axis, paying much regard, we may be sure, to the golden ball sinking north-westward, and none at all to the remains of ancient brickwork cumbering the ground beneath his feet. The skilful masons of those days looked at the heavens as they were, and not as they had appeared to their ancestors. Our author's contention implies that these keen observers devoted years of toil to the execution, on a magnificent scale, of an already superannuated plan. This we utterly disbelieve. They would assuredly have revolted from the ineffable futility of directing a great telescope-temple towards the traditional place of an actually present luminary. It may then be taken for granted that the track laid down at Karnak for the beams of the sinking sun was really traversed by them about 1600 B.C. The difference of 2,100 years between the obviously true and the calculated dates, formidable though it be, need

scarcely surprise us when we learn that only the magnetic bearings of the temple are at hand. Until they have been duly rectified and corrected, no inference can with any confidence be made to rest upon them. Professor Lockyer expressly adverts to this source of uncertainty.

Yet the mere circumstance that the shrine of Amen-Ra became disqualified for his reception through the lapse of a definite number of years affords an interesting illustration of what may be expected from a discreet use of the astronomical method. The celestial sphere, owing to the secular changes of which it displays the slow progress, is, as it were, a clock whose minutes are millenniums. Readings of its face, if by the second sight of valid reasonings they can be obtained, suffice then for the construction of a complete system of prehistoric chronology. The precession of the equinoxes, for instance, brings about alterations in the places of the stars relative to the pole of the heavens, in a period of 25,800 years. So that the assignment of the ancient rising- or setting-place of a star on the horizon of a given locality implies knowledge of the elapsed interval of time. Now many such horizontal points are indicated by the axial directions of Egyptian temples devoted, there is reason to believe, to the observation and veneration of certain stars; the difficulty is to identify the "bright particular" objects severally aimed at. In one case only there is no room for doubt. Sirius, or "Sothis," was pre-eminently the star of Egypt. Rising in the dawn, it heralded the Nile-flood, and served to regulate the calendar; mythologically, it typified the soul of Isis as it hung scintillating, "like the angled spar," above the dim margin of the desert. We do not wonder, therefore, to find a temple of Isis at Denderah oriented to catch these "dartling" horizontal beams. Their attainment of the adytum on the first day of each year (June 20) was greeted—as inscriptions record—with displays of the most vivid joy. The date at which this was possible is put by our author at 700 B.C.—that is to say, about two thousand five hundred years have gone by since the star was in line with the temple. Now, of course, its rays travel very wide indeed of the mark.

Elsewhere there is no such clear guidance. In the absence of documentary evidence as to varied star-cults, we cannot be certain that any particular recognition of their objects, however skilfully recommended, is a "golden guess" of the kind asserted by the poet to be "morning-star to the full round of truth." Thus most of the stars associated by Professor Lockyer with individual temples could only have shone through them at very remote epochs—at epochs, in fact, anterior to the erection of the present more or less dilapidated piles. The coincidences, in other words, preceded their foundation. But their foundations were established with special regard to the coincidences. The optical apparatus, so to call it, of those edifices was assuredly not adjusted to an object long previously carried by precession out of the field of view. The "wisdom of the Egyptians" would, indeed, have been overestimated had they been capable of such ineptitude.

Professor Lockyer's scheme, however, must be looked at as a whole. He proffers to archaeologists a new and promising method of research. The point important to be decided is, not whether mistakes have been made in its preliminary applications, but whether its underlying principle is just. To us it appears that there are strong presumptions in its favour. The Egyptian temples were most certainly not built at haphazard. There must be some key to what might at first sight be thought the inextricable confusion of their orientations. That key may well be found in the intricate astronomical connexions of an indefinitely complex system of worship. A good deal is implied in this admission. How much can only be gathered from a perusal of the work under review. Sun and star-cults are turned to account in it with ability, and not without success, for the interpretation of Egyptian mythology and the elucidation of Egyptian history. Personifications of southern are distinguished from those of northern stars as belonging to different epochs, and as characterizing different peoples; and solar rituals of the equinoctial and solstitial types are regarded as similarly significant. From such indications a hypothetical chronicle has even been sketched of invasions, race-struggles, and revolutions, beginning with the year 6400 B.C., when a series of temples oriented to Canopus were, it is suggested, built in Upper Egypt. In all this there is nothing antecedently improbable; yet we gravely doubt whether a narrative so articulate can ever be authentically derived, by astronomical means alone, from the majestic wrecks of masonry ranged along the Nile from the First Cataract to the Delta.

MR. CAMPBELL'S "COLERIDGE."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge: a Narrative of the Events of his Life. By James Dykes Campbell. London: Macmillan. 1894.

THE republication in a separate and more attractive form of the admirable introductory memoir prefixed by Mr. Dykes Campbell to his complete edition of Coleridge's Poetical Works will be universally welcomed. Indeed, its reissue in this shape can hardly have been a matter of choice with its author and publisher. To have allowed the sole existing biography of Coleridge which can pretend to be anything more than a mere critical monograph on the one hand, or a "Life" after the manner of Gillman on the other, to be hidden away among those unappetizing pages which preface the "complete editions" of poets, and (it might almost seem) by mere force of the Roman numerals of their pagination discourage the faint-hearted reader, would have been little short of an outrage. Mr. Campbell and Messrs. Macmillan have together rescued this invaluable memoir from the fate which in such circumstances would have almost certainly awaited it, and have placed it with all due attractions of type, paper, and margin before the reader. With this itinerary in his hand he may plunge into the hitherto almost pathless wilds of Coleridge's erratic life, with the well-grounded confidence that Mr. Campbell will enable him to find his way through almost, if not quite, every one of its windings. It is for this service alone that the biographer, as he modestly averred in his original preface, and substantially repeats on the title-page of this reprint, claims credit. But, in relying thus exclusively on its purely biographical merits, Mr. Campbell does injustice to its critical value. "Its aim," he says, "has been not to add to the ever-lengthening array of estimates of Coleridge as a poet and philosopher, but to provide something which appeared to be wanting—a plain, and as far as possible an accurate, narrative of the events of his life." But the main events of a poet's life—and pre-eminently so of poets of so tragically interesting a spiritual history as Coleridge—are the productions of his poems; and he who elucidates obscure or determines disputed questions in the chronology of his subject is often more truly enlightening than many critics.

Few poets, moreover, have needed this sort of critical attention so much as Coleridge. The long periods of time during which his poetic impulses intermitted, and the confusion produced by the late publication of poems long left in manuscript, or by the arrangements and rearrangements of successive editions, and, worse confounded, by the poet's own misrememberings, and occasionally, it is to be feared, gratuitous romancings, as to the dates at which he wrote them—these causes have combined to surround the chronology of the Coleridgean canon with an amount of uncertainty which has been the despair of most of those who have had to examine it. An apparently trifling, but really by no means unimportant, illustration of this uncertainty incidentally came to light in the preparation of Mr. Campbell's edition of the poems. In the preface to *Kubla Khan* Coleridge gives the date of that poem as "the summer of 1797," and adds as his reason for remembering it that, when he retired to "the lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton," he was "in ill health." This particularity of statement is enough of itself to arouse the suspicion of any one who knows his Coleridge, and to raise the presumption that the poem was written in some other year than that to which it is assigned. No other evidence, however, being forthcoming, it was dated 1797 in Mr. Campbell's edition, published last year, of the "Poetical Works." But, of course, the inevitable "MS. note" of several years later date has since turned up; and in this memorandum, written in 1810, Coleridge states that his retirement to the farmhouse and his first recourse to opium were due to the distress occasioned by his "breach with Lloyd." Characteristically enough, he is unable to correct this mistake without making another; since it is as certain as anything, both from contemporary evidence and his own autobiographical admissions, that recourse to opium was first had by him not in 1798 or even 1797, but in 1796, and that the cause of it was not a breach with Lloyd, but an attack of neuralgia. To follow Coleridge step by step, however, in such matters as this is to be tempted to imitate his own manner of conversation; and to be "turned aside," as Carlyle put it in his memorable description, "by some radiant new game on this hand or that into new courses and ever into new; and before long into all the universe, when it was uncertain what game you would catch or whether any." To return to the question of the date of *Kubla Khan*, it is clear from this reference to the quarrel with Lloyd, which occurred in the spring of 1798, that the piece could not have been written in 1797; and if further proof were needed it is supplied by the further statement of the memorandum to the

effect that it was this same nervous disquietude and misery which prevented him from finishing *Christabel*.

Coleridge, as Mr. Campbell aptly remarks, though "generally unreliable in the dates assigned to particular events," may be trusted "when he synchronizes"; and we are, therefore, perfectly safe in assigning *Kubla Khan* to the year 1798. Besides, adds Mr. Campbell—and this is what gives importance to the question from the critical point of view—it "seems far more probable that *Kubla Khan* was composed after the First Part of *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner* than that it was the first breathing on his magic flute." It is, indeed, difficult to believe that Coleridge's matchless musical power attained at a single bound to the divine perfection of *Kubla Khan*. In fact a correct chronology of the poet's productions is more necessary to the critical student in Coleridge's case than in any other; and without Mr. Campbell's assistance it is almost courting madness to attempt to extract it from Coleridge himself.

NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from the Librairie de l'Art, 8 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, a proof of a large photogravure by M. Dujardin after a picture entitled "Un excellent pot-au-feu." This is signed "C. et M. Desliens," and is, therefore, the work of two accomplished sisters, Mlles. Cécile and Marie Desliens, pupils of Hector Le Roux, whose work—most of it in still-life—has usually been seen at successive Salons for the last ten years. We do not recollect having noticed before a work from the combined hands of these ladies, nor from either of them one so ambitious as this before us. It represents the dark and ancient kitchen of a country priest's house. The aged *bonne*, with a solemnity of countenance which well befits her duty, is pouring "pot-au-feu" at the exact critical moment into a tureen of old flowered china, while M. le Curé, his copy of *Le Soir* held behind his back, has strolled in to superintend the momentous event. The accessories of the kitchen—the brass vessels, the glasses, the porcelain dishes, the vegetables that lie about—all seem rendered with spirit, and it is this kind of *genre* that we expect from the Mlles. Desliens; the figures, which we suppose are due to Mlle. Cécile, have a good deal of vitality and cleverness. This is a plate of some humour and much picturesqueness.

Another interesting work by a female hand has reached us from the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street. This is a large mezzotint by Mr. Norman Hirst, after a painting by Mrs. Alma Tadema. The title of the latter has not been communicated to us, but we think it is the same which was exhibited in the Royal Academy for 1892 under the name "Hush-a-Bye!" A young Dutch mother, in the quaint and charming dress of the seventeenth century, bends low over the carved cot of her babe, with her ear close to the infant's lips, while she rocks him to sleep. This is a very attractive plate, direct in intention, and beautiful in the arrangement of its light and shade.

SWIFT'S JAMES OF ARAGON.

The Life and Times of James the First the Conqueror, King of Aragon, Valencia, and Majorca, Count of Barcelona and Urgel, Lord of Montpellier. By F. Darwin Swift, B.A., formerly Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1894.

MR. DARWIN SWIFT candidly confesses at the very beginning of his preface that he came to write this "Life and Times" of James of Aragon mainly by accident. The subject was chosen for the Lothian prize of 1889, and he tells us that "the present work is an expansion of the unfinished essay which I then sent in to the examiners, and to which they awarded an honourable mention." The result justifies the existence of the Marquess of Lothian's prize, which has in this case led to the production of a work of commendable industry. It is also much to the credit of Mr. Swift that he was stimulated to further exertions by the very moderate measure of reward given to his unfinished essay. There are some on whom the tepid joys of "honourable mention" produce a somewhat depressing effect. He has been moved by them, and the encouragement of a friend, to persevere. A visit to Spain enabled him to examine archives, and more especially those of Aragon, which are preserved at Barcelona under the care of successive generations of the family of Bofarull. Also he has sat at the feet of Don Pascual de Gayangos, as all students of Spanish history have sat, since a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. To Don Pascual he dedicates his book, with becoming expressions of respect.

From what we have already said it will be seen that Mr. Swift is entitled to a favourable reception. It is something to his credit that he must still be young, and not a little to his honour that he has applied himself to a work of scholarship and a period of European history which, though full of interest and colour, has been neglected among us. The reign of James the Conqueror of Aragon is contemporary with our own Henry III. and Edward I., and covers the period during which the two great Spanish monarchies of Castile and Aragon were defined. The Moors were reduced by the conquests of Ferdinand and the Saint of Castile, and of James himself, to a mere foothold in Granada; while the advance of the French monarchy to the south, prepared by the Albigensian Crusade, confined Aragon, which at one time appeared likely to annex Provence, to its natural frontier of the Pyrenees. The House of Aragon did, indeed, continue to hold land to the north of the mountains, but its tenure was precarious, and without hope of extension in that direction. Now this is just one of those periods of which it is both pleasant and profitable to write. When, in addition, you have the advantage of possessing a central figure of quite extraordinary vivacity, colour, and force, as Mr. Swift has in the case of "En Jaume" (En is the Catalan equivalent to Don, and is the last syllable of Mosen), the historical student is a greedy man, indeed, if he asks for more. We hasten to add that what industry, a manifest desire to be fair, care in hunting up and sifting evidence can do to make the most of a subject, Mr. Swift has done. He picks his way with untiring vigilance through confused tangles of dates, which in Spanish history are complicated by the practice of dating from the Incarnation, instead of, or as well as, from the Nativity. This is a pitfall into which many good men, even Zurita himself, have fallen. Mr. Swift is very careful about offices, laws, and constitutional matters generally, so that he does supply the background and surroundings to his central figure.

Years which bring the philosophic mind will, perhaps, cure Mr. Swift of the main fault we have to find with him. His preface tells us that the book was written "in the spare time of an exacting profession, and under many difficulties." It is dated from "Denstone College, Staffordshire." Putting two and two together, we arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Darwin Swift is a schoolmaster. We honour him for it; but it is the weakness of schoolmasters to be schoolmasterly, and more especially when they are young. They are a little addicted to propounding commonplaces of morals, which do not appear so convincing or important to those who have passed the middle point of life as they ought very properly to sound to the Sixth. Mr. Swift is didactic with conviction. He is always preaching at King James, and shaking his head over that monarch's deplorable immoralities. He ends with a passage of "character" which sounds like an apology for a king of "one virtue and a thousand crimes":—

'James's life was a series of more or less conscious attempts at self-deception. A religious opportunist, he ended by adopting, or rather trying to adopt, the convenient theory that in his acts of vengeance and cruelty he was but the instrument of the Divine Will. And the consciousness of this attempted self-deception made the sin all the greater. His sins were sins against knowledge. As a champion of the Church, he seems even to have thought himself entitled to a larger share than his fellows in her "treasures." His licentiousness was the scandal of Christendom, and he knew it; yet in the very year before his death this "hoary-headed hypocrite" was guilty of a more flagrant act of profligacy than ever. It is, indeed, very questionable whether there were any means to an end which James could not have brought himself to adopt. To fling aside Leonor and to carry misery into the house of the Count of Toulouse was to him a matter of small concern, and for the gratification of his own selfish ambition any excuse sufficed. In many ways an unworthy instrument for good, he had in him the making of a very noble character, and of this he was aware. But he turned aside from this better part, and, when the evil was pleasant and convenient, he deliberately chose the evil. And in so doing he was false to himself and false to his God.'

These be very cruel words, and no less pompous, juvenile, and schoolmasterly than cruel. Any one who knew nothing of James lighting on this passage would think it summed up the life of a man guilty of innumerable acts of violence and perfidy. Yet Mr. Swift's own book shows that James never extorted money from his subjects unlawfully, that he protected the peaceful people of the towns, that he was very moderate with unruly nobles when he had them at his mercy, that he showed great fairness in his dealings with his kinsmen of Navarre, and the greatest magnanimity towards his son-in-law, Alfonso El Sabio, of Castile, on whom he actually lavished effectual help and good advice; that he never wasted the resources of his king-

dom on impossible enterprises, or allowed personal ambition to lead him into attempting follies; that he protected the Jews from persecution, was always zealous for the just administration of the law, and that his code compares favourably with the *Siete Partidas* of Castile or the *Laws of St. Louis*. There are few kings of the thirteenth century of whom as much could be said. It is true that he once cut out the tongue of a Bishop of Gerona, but he believed that the Bishop had betrayed his confession. He did penance for his sin, and he was a man of the thirteenth century. Mr. Swift, who observes, rather priggishly, that our Edward I. was a "nobler and purer" man, forgets that stories of equal brutality are told about Edward in his youth. When Mr. Swift wrote so severely of King James's want of scruple, he might have remembered that King Edward, whose motto was "Keep Faith," had no sooner confirmed the charters, under great pressure, than he provided himself with a dispensation from the Pope, authorizing him to break his word if he saw an opportunity. It is also true that King James expressed a grim satisfaction when he heard that his bastard son Fernan Sanchez had been drowned by orders of his legitimate son Peter. But Fernan was an ungrateful rebel taken in arms against his father. Gloucester is not, after all, bound to weep over Edmund. James's severities with the Moors in Valencia do not compare badly with Edward's drastic measures in Scotland and Wales. Why, then, it may be asked, is Mr. Swift so obviously afraid that James "was lost"? The answer, we imagine is, because his relations to women were very southern, Troubadourish, and Arabic. Indeed, the incontinence of King James was great, and, moreover, it was prolonged to an age at which it was inexcusable. On this point, however, there is this to be said, that the "Alice Perrers" of the King of Aragon does not appear to have been allowed to make mischief, and that the only woman who had much influence on him was his second wife, Violante of Hungary, to whom, as it seems, he was faithful till her death. As for the question of morals, we may leave that aside. Almost everything to be said upon it is very obvious; and then the ladies whose names are most closely associated with the King's—Doña Teresa de Vidaure and Doña Berenguela Alfonso—were very capable of taking care of themselves. The Colonel in *Clarissa* would not have seen occasion to interfere.

This priggishness and tendency to preach are accompanied, as might be expected, by a certain want of humour. Here we may say in his own words that Mr. Swift sins against knowledge, for he laughs at Villarroja for showing the same defect in some foolish remarks on the chronicle of King James. The consequence is that the whole portrait is a little out of drawing. The Conqueror was so vivacious a person, and his chronicle, or "commentary," is so full of autobiographical touches, which every writer about him must quote, and which speak for themselves, that he does stand out, after a sort, in Mr. Swift's book. He would appear wholly, if his biographer could only adjust his own point of view a little better. It is a waste of time for a writer to apply himself to the great conquering and law-making kings of the middle ages if he thinks that immorality in relation to women, which is only one field of conduct after all, counterbalances the mighty merits of the leader, the judge, and the moulder of nations. When Mr. Swift comes in our way again we hope to find him more critical. He has a foundation of sense and power of work to build on if he chooses to use it. When that time comes we shall probably not find him saying, off hand, that the chronicle of Ramon Muntaner is "worthless," or translating Alfonso el Sabio by "the Savant" which is merely silly. If Mr. Swift does not care to say "the Wise," let him follow Ford, and say "the Learned."

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS DE —

Monsieur le Marquis de —. Mémoires inédits (1780-1793) recueillis par Walter Herries Pollock. London and Sydney: Remington & Co. 1894.

THIS little volume, measurable by inches and extending to some twenty pages, effects what many a ponderous tome on the same theme fails to produce. It is profoundly true, though the truth is sometimes ignored by writers of histories and handbooks of the French Revolution, that there is more significance and surer guidance as to the true inwardness of that movement in contemporary anecdote and narrative than in the moralizings and theorizings of philosophic writers. Examples naturally occur to us in reading the most striking example of all, which Mr. W. H. Pollock presents in these instructive scenes from the life of the Marquis de —. There is, for instance, a remarkable story told by Richard Lovell Edgeworth. He was passing along a crowded street in Paris when "one of the people"

urged him towards the central gutter by taking the wall of him. He proceeded to thrash the fellow with his cane then and there for the affront. From that time, in salon or café, wherever society foregathered, his friends and acquaintances regarded him with strange looks. He was given the cold shoulder, as suspect of something contrary to the canon of polite society. At length, wearied of what he thought inscrutable conduct, he sought an explanation from an intimate friend, who told him he had done ill in that affair of the street. He was assured that he ought not to have merely caned the fellow. He ought to have left him dead in the way. Only thus could Mr. Edgeworth make his peace with offended society.

In the *Mémoires* of the Marquis de — the temper of the times is epitomized by a masterly command of the eloquence of suggestion. The point of action and speech, the deed or the word, are enforced by the incisive and revealing quality of that which is suggested. The spirit of the *ancien régime* is confronted with the spirit of the Revolution. As in some crystal sphere of conjuration, the elements of that age of ferment are shaped to a potent little drama. In the grimly humorous opening scene the character of the Marquis, as an instance of the old order, is revealed with trenchant effect. He is a type of all that truly represented the *noblesse*. He never could have become an *émigré*. He preserved in polite times the spirit of feudalism, mellowed by the forces of time and change, yet surviving all change. When he orders the instant execution of a visitor upon what may appear to some a flagrantly insufficient pretext, he is serenely unconscious of having taken to extreme measures. Probably he is barely conscious of exercising a prerogative. His guest had disparaged, it would seem, the family Burgundy while dining with the Marquis. You might think, from the airy tone of the scene, that the Marquis was accustomed to these little trials. Only once, we are told, did he refer to the affair:—"Cet homme," dit-il, "m'ennuyait. Il n'aimait pas mon vin. Il fallait le tuer. Je l'ai fait tuer. A quoi bon un duel de convenance?" The progress of the Revolution leaves the Marquis untouched in his self-centred immobility, lord of himself, though monarchs fall. In the next scene he is represented asleep, enjoying the easy slumbers of a child, assured of a peaceful morrow, though a ruffianly peasant Jacques (dit Le Roux) steals towards his door with intent to murder. What becomes of Jacques (dit Le Roux) the chronicle does not say. Probably he came to a sharp and sudden end. There is a happy touch in this scene that serves at once to mark the progress of the Revolution and to hint of the end. The same servant who carries out the orders of the Marquis with regard to the guest who presumptuously criticized his wine cheerfully assents to the dark enterprise of Jacques (dit Le Roux). But the mystery of this bandit is still to seek. The style of the *Mémoires* is sententious. The Marquis is a man of few words. The reticence of the Marquis is an admirable characteristic, and admirably it is illustrated when the old order and the new are contrasted in the meeting of the Marquis and Mirabeau. This scene is most delicately wrought. The Count makes a friendly call, admonishing the Marquis of the sovereign people, and so forth, in the voluble speech of the new Democratic spirit, somewhat marred in its flow by the disconcerting serenity of the polite aristocrat. The scene is finely imagined and finely executed—an excellent "imaginary conversation." The foregoing scenes prepare the reader in some sort for the end—that is, the death of the Marquis at the hands of the mob. To the last he keeps his high, imperturbable state, unmoved by the howling of the sovereign people, whom, having finished his game of piquet with the Marquise, he politely invites to await him at the foot of the grand staircase. Then he descends with the Marquise, facing the crowd with calm smiles, and makes a ceremonious end of the business. The *Mémoires* have what Mr. Lowell calls the pith of history in them. They are a true microcosm of the times.

SARAH ACLAND.

A *Sketch of the Life and Character of Sarah Acland*. Written for the Nurses of the "Sarah Acland Memorial Home," Oxford. Edited by Isambard Brunel, D.C.L. London: Seely & Co., Lim. 1894.

THIS little work, commemorative of an exemplary life and an attractive character, will interest many other persons, we cannot doubt, than those in whom every line of it will stir affectionate remembrance. The record of that life and character is an abiding memory to all the friends of Sarah Acland. No written record, indeed, could add to the measure of their esteem or the burden of their loss; yet they will welcome the publication of this additional memorial, both for its own excellent

qualities and for the happy inspiration that has led Mr. Brunel to associate his volume with that other memorial at Oxford. Written for the nurses of the Sarah Acland Home, as the editor expressly states, this record may justly be said to claim another and yet larger audience than that of the circle of friends. The mere contemplation of her life, and example, and character, as chronicled in these pages, will be found pleasurable and stimulative by many who never knew Sarah Acland. If it be a truism that a biography of bulky proportions may, and often does, profit the reader far less than a modest volume of comparatively scanty memorials, the truism is one that bears repetition. The massive biography oft wearies us by the mass of the printed page. We are borne down by the weight of interminable correspondence and comment, and it is often hard to decide whether the correspondence or the comment is the more superfluous. No such fate can befall the reader of this simple and unpretentious story of unwearied well-doing.

Mr. Brunel's book is made up of brief biographical notes, some characteristic letters—including some pleasant home correspondence descriptive of yachting tours in Norway and Holland—and interesting reminiscences written by Dr. Pusey, Dean Church, Mr. Charles Pearson, and other old Oxford friends. Some few glimpses we are permitted of Mrs. Acland's early years. She was born at Leytonstone in 1815, the eldest daughter of Mr. William Cotton, who was for three successive years Governor of the Bank of England, and distinguished in various capacities. "Extremely strict and particular," we are told, was Mrs. Acland's mother, and the home-training was decidedly what would now be called "old-fashioned." But it was then the rule, not the exception, to observe the strictest discipline among the young. Perhaps the Quaker influence of the neighbourhood moved an emulative spirit. Certainly we are minded of old Quaker ways by the picture of little Sarah Cotton seated at her mother's knee diligently acquiring the art of plain needlework. In a note of Christmas greeting to her mother, written when eight years of age, there is a conscientious reference to a present she is sending. "I did not make it all myself," the child writes. Another characteristic is the absolute precision of her letters. Blots and mistakes were never allowed to pass. If they occurred, a fresh sheet of paper was taken, till the letter gratified the writer's love of order and clearness. Mr. Ruskin once wrote of her:—"Does your mother never by any chance write a single word in a hurry? What can she think of a creature like me?" Her admirable ideal—and a practical one it is—of conduct in life aimed at being "pleasant and elastic" in speech and action. "I hope you will learn," she writes, "to act pleasantly and with elasticity, holding to what you think right, in a gracious, loving, and not repulsive way. I think it is the function of women to make goodness *loveable*, and we cannot do that without self-forgetfulness, and thorough unselfishness." And such was her own way, in all her multifarious undertakings. "She was, indeed, a beautiful character," Dr. Pusey writes, "a combination of sweetness and strength, and of simple devotion which is so rare." And in the like tone has Dean Church written of "the qualities of the strong woman" which were hers, and the grace and sympathy she showed towards all with whom the many interests of her life brought her into relationship. After her marriage to Dr. Acland, she formed what the Dean of Durham styles a "new society" in Oxford, which flourished exceedingly as many can testify, in the expressive terms of Mr. Charles Pearson's recollections (p. 15). Of her many occupations we have a true index in a letter, wherein she describes herself as never quiet unless writing, "a sort of maid-of-all-work for so many gentlemen, playing accompaniments for the singers, going about for the lame legs," and so on. In great things, as in small, she seems to have been always assisting others, and her help was ever of a practical nature. To sum up, the secret of her well-doing was, as Dean Church observes, to do the *best* of whatsoever came in her way to do, and to do it in the *best* way.

MR. GANTHONY ON VENTRILOQUISM.

Practical Ventriloquism and its Sister Arts. A Guide to the Art of Voice Throwing and Vocal Mimicry. Formulated and guaranteed by Robert Ganthony. London: L. Upcott Gill.

THERE can be little room for doubt that Mr. Ganthony's treatise on ventriloquism is far the best that has yet appeared. It is short, yet full; completely scientific in theory and expression, and yet the author "explains all the while in a popular style," so that his instructions are never dry, or "flat and dead." One very remarkable explosion of an old scepticism

is worth noting at once. Ever since the appearance of a book which is still deservedly popular, *Valentine Vox*, those who think themselves knowing have contended and asserted that what is called "throwing the voice" is a feat not so much remarkable as impossible. It is Mr. Ganthony's business, as it is his pleasure, to show that the knowing ones are wrong, and that the voice can be "thrown" by a student of the art who has brought practice as near to perfection as may be. But this, as it is one of the most interesting, is also one of the most technical, parts of Mr. Ganthony's capital little book; and we leave readers to examine it for themselves, only assuring them beforehand that the technicalities are so plainly expressed as to carry with them neither terror nor bewilderment. This, indeed, holds good of all the explanations which the author gives, explanations always compressed and clear.

The *idée mère*, as we take it, of the system tried and proved by Mr. Ganthony is the difference which he rightly insists upon between the use of the "near" and the "distant" voices which the true artist in ventriloquism should have at equal command, and should know exactly how to employ in varying circumstances. And here Mr. Ganthony's experience of the stage serves him in very good stead. Any one who knows and loves "the slangs" will at once recognize the truth of the statement that a ventriloquist, no less than a conjurer, should have no small touch of histrionic talent, allied with that perfect presence of mind which some good actors have, and some have not.

To go at any length into this matter would lead to the old and vexed question of *Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien*, and, therefore, we will leave it and consider rather than criticize—for we can find no fault with the method—some of the author's practical hints. In "Near Ventriloquism" he begins with the "Theek" voice, as to the production of which the directions are so singularly clear and practical that one fully understands the instructor's statement that "I try myself to fail to get the sound when following my own directions, but I cannot." This is *naïf* enough, perhaps, but with the context it is convincing. Then come the "Grunt" voice, the "Ghostly" voice, and then we get on to another section, including "Speech with Still Lips," and "Ventriloquial Acting"—in some ways the most important and most interesting portion of the book. As a "rider" to this we have an essay on the amalgamation already alluded to of the "near" and "distant" voices, and—what is a matter for much consideration, and for much congratulation to the author for his insight and study—a "Ventriloquial Vocabulary," showing, with reasons, what words can and what words cannot be advantageously made the servants of the *ventriloquial* voice.

Thence we are taken to the theory and practice of "figure" ventriloquism, to the proper methods of learning to imitate a variety of sounds, from the crowing of a cock to the squeaking of a gate. As to this, one point will show how close is Mr. Ganthony's observation. "I am sorry," he writes, "to refute so many household beliefs; but the cat does not *me-iow*, but *e-iow*." The same pains are taken as regards musical instruments, and at the end the author recurs, with more detail, to the working of mechanical figures.

To write an exhaustive review of Mr. Ganthony's book would be to write an article as long as the work itself, since there is nothing to find fault with. Let us end with one out of many good anecdotes. At an open-air entertainment Mr. Ganthony began with the usual "What are you doing up there?" addressed to an imaginary person at the top of some ivied ruins. The reply came from a real person, a boy in hiding, "I climbed up 'ere this mornin' just to see the folks and 'ear the music. I won't do no 'arm." Needless to say that Mr. Ganthony, with the histrion's instinct, took the best advantage of the situation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

- Victor Hugo après 1852.* Par Edmond Biré. Paris: Perrin.
Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier. Tome troisième. Paris: Plon.
Ame d'enfant. Par Paul Margueritte. Paris: Plon.
Gladys. Par Hugues le Roux. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Le corso rouge. Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Flammarion.
Secret de famille. Par Paul Labarrière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Au sortir du couvent. Par "Cat." Paris: Grasilier.

M. EDMOND BIRÉ has at last finished what extreme Hugolaters may regard as a more or less ghoulish task, but what certainly is an extremely valuable addition and correction to the poet's biography. We have before now hinted that we think it might with advantage have taken a different form. The criticisms of the purely literary kind might have been omitted, especially as M. Biré, though relishing the essential

parts of Hugo's *faire* very well, is one of those who "cannot take pleasure in the representation unless they take pleasure in the thing represented," and suffers his scandal at the poet's violent silliness in politics and religion, or at his occasional excursions into the "fie-fie," to disturb his judgment. It must be admitted, however, that Hugo gave sore temptations to the enemy to blasphemy, and that the demonstrably "cooked" assertions of the "témoin de sa vie" and the foolish adoration of M. Barbou could hardly be allowed to pass unchallenged. In this present part of the work, which goes from the *coup d'état* to the end, Hugo lived more before the world which still reads and remembers than he had previously done, and there is consequently less "legend" to correct. But M. Biré finds plenty of material in the wild fictions about the *deux Décembre*, in Hugo's most unlucky habits of representing himself as poor when he was rolling in money, of exaggerating his losses, and, worst of all, of falsely dating old writings, or ante-dating new ones, for political and other purposes. And he finds, of course, a test example in that ever-unlucky Brussels incident which first opened the eyes of many people to the Hugonic weakness in matters of fact. Hardly even certain famous facts or fictions in Shelley's career can equal the transformation of the escapade of some noisy students rattling at the poet's door, throwing a stone or two at his windows, and testifying against his championship of the Commune by howling for some ten minutes or so, into a regular siege by an enraged mob, who battered and shattered the house for hours, threatening and nearly inflicting death and destruction on despairing women and children, filling the rooms with rocks like those cast at the siege of Jerusalem, and so forth. It is of course necessary that these things should be set right, and M. Biré has done a service in rectifying them. If he has sometimes forgotten that a poet's ability as a statesman, his soundness as a politician, or his orthodoxy as a devotee, are not nearly of so much importance to the world as his powers as a poet, we can only make one excuse for him. The greatest of French poets was so excessively careless of the feelings of the people he did not like, that he could not expect much mercy from the people who did not like him.

The third volume of the Chancellor-Duke Pasquier's *Mémoires* contains, like its two forerunners, a solid addition to French history, written by a man unusually well informed, and still more unusually endowed with statesmanlike moderation. But for the general reader it is not, perhaps, as attractive as either of them, being chiefly concerned with the troubled period of 1814-15, when Pasquier was not much "in touch" with those who had most to say to the Government. It deals with the Hundred Days, with the Congress of Vienna, with the events preceding and following on the campaign of Waterloo, &c. But it is, perhaps, slightly open to the charge of being a History of France and French affairs, with some personal experiences of its author thrown in, rather than that author's personal history recounted with more or less bearing on the history of France. Such a thing is apt to want liveliness on the one hand and personal disengagement on the other.

We have seen better work of M. Paul Margueritte's than the opening story of his *Ame d'enfant*, a tale of bullying at a junior military school. The bullying is brutal enough, but the victim is not made interesting. Nor is the next, and next longest, story—"Le porte-cartes"—a great success. In both M. Margueritte seems to have succumbed a little to that error of *les jeunes* (which, as a rule, he escapes), that one incident is as good as another, and a great deal worse. He is much happier in "Sur la grand' route," "La belle Madame Armange," "Métamorphose," "Le bracelet," and "Le sommeil," where the method is still impressionist, but impressionist with selection and art. In "La pierre des nains" he tries a new style for him—the antique—and is not at home.

Gladys has a letter from M. Paul Bourget, who says that it is a *roman d'analyse* ("extra quam," of course, "nulla salus"), and that it shows a "joli dandysme." A perusal of the book inclines us to suspect, as we have suspected before, that the French confuse "dandy" and "tiger," words of the same date; just as they confuse "snob" and "prig." It requires great care to use the argot of another language.

M. Pierre Sales, who is an old hand, opens *Le corso rouge* with a fine situation and characters. Heroine's window open, with rose climbing to it; aspirant climbs and aspires to some purpose; descending, is seen by *fiancé* and marked down; heroine's brother strikes up the gun; *fiancé* (Spaniard) reveals to heroine that aspirant is married. "R-r-revenge" is sworn and accomplished in rest of book.

M. Paul Labarrière has some talent, but he has adopted the fashionable cult of the ugly. The title-story, which occupies two-thirds of his book, turns on a skeleton in the cupboard which, after all, brings about no tragedy, but only a triviality. In the

smaller pieces a witty husband baulks himself in a mock vengeance; a pig eats a baby; a son allows, or at least thinks that he allows, his father to be buried alive, and so forth. And yet there is no *frisson*, *nouveau* or *ancien*, in the whole of it.

"Cat" is a harmless kitten, and describes what happened after she left her convent in the most unexceptionable of *berquinades*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN taking up once more, after many years, Bamford's *Early Days and Passages in the Life of a Radical* (Fisher Unwin), of which we have a revised reprint in two volumes, edited by Mr. Henry Dunkley, we are as much impressed as of old by the vigorous individuality that animates both of these autobiographical works. There was a good deal of human nature in Bamford. If he took himself seriously, as all Parliamentary reformers of his time were apt to do, his ready humour saved him from many absurdities. Writing many years after the stirring times of Sir Francis Burdett and Hampden Clubs and "Peterloo," he adopts a tone towards some of the heroes of his youth that strongly recalls Theodore Hook's exquisite parody of Leigh Hunt, in which the author of *Rimini* complains bitterly of Byron's conduct as being no way to behave to a brother Liberal. Bamford compels us to note how those Radicals loved one another. He would have you know that Cobbett was jealous of Henry Hunt; Hunt was jealous of Thistlewood, and so forth. Nothing could be more ludicrous than his satirical sketches of "Orator" Hunt or of his friend Healey the "doctor," and others. In the whimsical account of a journey with Finnerty "of the *Morning Chronicle*," in the description of the triumphant drive of the "Peterloo" leaders from Lancaster Castle, and in many another lively passage, Bamford's satirical humour finds fruitful themes for its display. And it is plain that his old friend "Orator" Hunt, against whom he would permit no word of detraction, was something very much worse than a vain self-seeking demagogue. Indeed, if we take Bamford's word, Hunt was as paltry a scoundrel as is conceivable. Perhaps these matters are of less interest to many readers than other portions of Bamford's recollections. *Early Days*, with its pictures of rural England and life on the road, is full of vivid power. Customs and superstitions, now wholly dead or rapidly dying, are depicted with wonderful force. Some of the episodes in the other volume are worthy of George Borrow. Such are the fight between "Doggy" and "Poacher," and the admirable comedy of the distressed damsel, the disguised lover, and the baffled constable. Half-forgotten as we suspect Bamford's recollections now are, they are eminently deserving of revival.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in a pleasant record, *In Sugar-Cane Land* (McClure & Co.), gives his impressions of a trip to the West Indies, and is a facetious observer of the manners and habits of the inhabitants of those islands which planters regard as a ruined Paradise. Perhaps Mr. Phillpotts is too facetious at times, as when he chronicles as an incident of the homeward voyage the venerable joke about the three French pastors (p. 293). But such little excesses of animal spirits may be readily forgiven and forgotten in the enjoyment caused by the writer's sparkling pictures, and his pleasing sketches of his travelling companions. Especially, and above all, may we suffer the Mark-Twainic tone of the record for the sake of the delightful account of a cricket-match at St. Thomas, which is altogether worthy of Mr. Alfred Jingle, and vastly diverting.

Ladies in the Field (Ward & Downey) is a book of sporting sketches, edited by Lady Greville, which, if not exhaustive of all the fields in which women follow sport—there is nothing about angling, for instance—is yet tolerably comprehensive and decidedly agreeable reading. There are capital papers on riding or hunting by the Duchess of Newcastle, Mrs. Chaworth Musters—whose contribution on "The Wife of the M.F.H." is admirable for good sense—and by the Editor, who treats of "Riding in Ireland and India." Some interesting notes of a sterner pursuit are set forth in Mrs. Martelli's "Tigers I have Shot." On the difficult art of "Team and Tandem Driving" Miss Rosie Anstruther Thomson is both entertaining and instructive, telling of strange adventures and mishaps on the road—a way of instruction that is decidedly valuable. When we note "A Kangaroo Hunt," by Mrs. Jenkins, "Deer Stalking," by Diane Chasseresse, "Cycling," by Mrs. Pennell, and Miss Salaman's "Punting"—among other contributions—it will be seen that *Ladies in the Field* has plenty of diversity.

The Royal Natural History, edited by Mr. Richard Lydekker (Warne & Co.), of which we have the first volume, reminds us

that in no description of book has there so much improvement of late years as in popular Natural Histories. The demand for such works is practically unlimited, as Mr. P. L. Sclater observes in the preface to this handsome volume. And it may be added that with this popular demand there is the demand for continuous improvement, both with regard to illustrations and the most recent and authoritative information. In these points *The Royal Natural History* is entirely satisfactory. The illustrations, partly original drawings, partly from Brehm's *Tierleben*, are excellent.

Professor C. H. Herford's translation of Ibsen's *Brand* (Heinemann) "in the original metres" is something of an arduous enterprise, yet the undertaking would be amply justified were the translator's success even less considerable than it is. When the metrical form of a poem is so striking as that of *Brand*—so organic a characteristic, in fact—it is one of the first duties of a translator to retain it, and a positive injury to the poet to disregard it. By adopting another measure, whether rhymed or unrhymed, than the original, there is far more risk of false representation or disguise than of failing in the matter of "verbal fidelity." Why should a rhymed version fail in verbal fidelity, as Professor Herford thinks it must, more than a prose or unrhymed version? In the hands of a poet it certainly would not, and as certainly it must needs be superior to any other. After all, verbal fidelity is less important than spiritual rendering, and the rhymed verse of *Brand* is a portion of the expression of the spirit of the satiric humour. Ibsen deliberately selected it, as Professor Herford tells us, in his interesting and elaborate introduction. "I wanted a verse," said Ibsen to the translator, "in which I could career when I would (*frei umtummeln*) as on horseback." This little anecdote should be taken as decisive by any translator. Professor Herford, certainly, has rendered the poem very skilfully in this flexible metre.

Translators are busy, all at once it would seem, with the writings of Leopardi. Not many weeks since we had two selections in English of the poetry; and now we have two volumes of the prose of Leopardi. Major-General Patrick Maxwell's *Essays, Dialogues, and Thoughts of Leopardi* (Scott) is the more important of the prose versions, since it comprises all the Dialogues, most of the Essays, and the most striking of the Thoughts. If, therefore, Leopardi continues to be comparatively little known to English readers, as General Maxwell thinks he has too long been, the fault will rest on English readers. His translation is well executed and with fair fidelity to the spirit—so far as we have examined it—and it embraces the greater part of the *Operette morali*, and all that is characteristic of the poet's prose.

Mr. J. Thomson's selection, *Twelve Dialogues of Leopardi* (Simpkin & Co.), is well known and readable, though the breaking up of the original into shorter sentences, of which the translator speaks, is sometimes carried too far. We miss the stately and musical progressions of Leopardi's style. Mr. Thomson's way of dealing with the short sentence of the original is too colloquial. To make Death say, in "Fashion and Death," in parting with Fashion, "Right you are, let us do as you say," is much too familiar an expression of acquiescence.

Of the new translation of that famous and oft-Englished drama, Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, by Mr. William Jacks (Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons), it must be admitted that it is put forth in attractive form, with an introductory essay by Archdeacon Farrar, and adorned with admirable etchings by Mr. William Strang.

The two concluding volumes of Lander, edited by Mr. Charles G. Crump—*The Longer Prose Works of Walter Savage Lander* (Dent & Co.)—comprise the "Citation of William Shakespeare," "Pericles and Aspasia," the "Pentameron," five "Conversations," and the critical articles contributed to the *Foreign Quarterly* on Theocritus, Catullus, and Petrarca. To the second of these volumes is appended an invaluable index, designed to indicate possible allusions to Lander's life, and to illustrate his opinions.

The eighth volume of Messrs. Bell's "Handbook of Athletic Sports," edited by Mr. Ernest Bell, and issued also in separate sectional volumes as the "All England Series," is devoted to *Gymnastics and Indian Clubs*, Mr. A. F. Jenkin dealing with the first subject, and treating of "Indian Clubs" in conjunction with Mr. G. T. B. Cobbett. As with other volumes of this excellent library of physical sports, these subjects are admirably handled by the writers, both as to practical exposition and with regard to the attainment of style. The illustrative diagrams are most serviceable.

With a new title, *Stories of Golf*, edited by Messrs. William Knight and T. R. Oliphant (Heinemann), we have a new and enlarged form of that diverting little book *On the Links*, with certain "Rhymes on Golf," some of which are new—e.g. the pretty and devout "Ode to Golf," by Mr. Andrew Lang.

Decidedly this is the true golfer's companion off the links and in his hours of ease.

It is fifteen years or more since the second edition of Sir William Muir's *Life of Mahomet* (Third edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.) appeared, which seems to show that "standard works" do not necessarily command a rapid sale. The ample interval, however, has at least enabled the author to verify his references and reconsider his judgments with deliberate care, and the new edition bears all the marks of thorough revision and matured criticism. We are glad to notice the disappearance of several passages which in the former editions seemed more appropriate to an Evangelical pulpit than to a chair of history. It were asking too much, no doubt, to expect Sir William Muir to regard his subject entirely from a non-sectarian point of observation; and it is not always that advancing years bring ripened judgment and increased breadth and toleration in the treatment of other creeds, to the extent which is noticeable in this new edition of the *Life of Mahomet*. Besides this, Sir William has improved and slightly condensed his narrative, introduced a new feature in some excellent illustrations of Mecca and Medina, and appended an index. His useful and scholarly work has long been recognized alike by students and "the general"; it is still more useful and admirable in its latest revised form.

We have also received *The Natural History of Intellect; and other Papers*, by R. W. Emerson (Routledge), comprising lectures, and papers from the *Dial*, being the twelfth and final volume of Emerson's works, with complete general index; *The Writings of Thomas Paine*, edited by Moncure Daniel Conway, Vol. I. (Putnam's Sons); *The National Church*, a Monthly Record of Church Work, Vol. XXII. (Simpkin & Co.); *Quentin Durward* (A. & C. Black), "Dryburgh" edition of the *Waverley Novels*, with clever illustrations by Mr. H. M. Paget; *The Elements of English Constitutional History*, by F. C. Montague, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *An Historical Interpretation of Philosophy*, by John Bascom (Putnam's Sons); *Egyptian Grammar*, by Adolf Erman, translated by James Henry Breasted (Williams & Norgate); *Diseases of the Skin*, by Malcolm Morris (Cassell & Co.); "An Outline of the Principles and Practice of Dermatology," with illustrations; *On Common Neurosis*, by James Frederick Goodhart, M.D. (H. K. Lewis), second edition; *Records of the Borough of South Molton*, by John Cock (Exeter: Townsend), illustrated; *Who Would be a Woman?* by Humphrey Woodcock (Elliot Stock); *Broken Wings*, by Ossip Schubin (New York: Collier); *Sprains: their Consequences and Treatment*, by C. W. Mansell Moullin (H. K. Lewis), second edition; *Royalty at Home*, by Daniel Grant (Virtue & Co.); Part V. of *Contributions to a Dictionary of Book-Collectors* (Quaritch); *L'Art for February 1894* (Paris: Librairie de L'Art; London: Macmillan & Co.); *Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches of England and Wales*, Part I. (Cassell & Co.); *The Financial Reform Almanack for 1894* (Heywood); *Showell's Housekeeper's Account-Book* (Virtue & Co.); *Kelway's Manual of Horticulture and Agriculture* (Langport: Kelway & Son); *Sutton's Farmer's Year-Book for 1894*, and *Sutton's Amateur's Guide for 1894* (Reading: Sutton & Sons); and the concluding parts of *The Book of the Fair* (Chicago: Bancroft & Co.), an illustrated record of the Chicago Exhibition.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

The Publisher of the SATURDAY REVIEW has been informed that on several occasions recently the paper has been inquired for at Newsagents on Saturday morning, with the reply of "Sold out." He will be obliged if any one to whom this reply has been given will supply him with such details as will enable him to make proper arrangements in future.

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